New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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AFRICAN DIARY
by Critic

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R. H. S. CROSSMAN
on German Socialism

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Australian Paradox

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A Society of Saints or Sinners?

On Tuesday, the second reading of Mr Butler's licensing bill illustrated perfectly the comic frustrations of the free-for-all society in which we live. It is universally admitted that our present licensing system is anomalous, obsolete, unpopular and impossible to enforce. Mr Butler charged this elderly dragon in the proper spirit of a rational Tory St George. But now that the smoke of battle is clearing, the old monster, albeit a little scratched, is left in full possession of the field. As with Mr Butler's other 'reforms', it has ended not with a bang, but a tinker.

Nor is this an accident. Greatly as Mr Butler wishes to go down in history as a celebrated reformer, he seems certain to be disappointed. For the Tory – even the modern brand – believes in the intrinsically evil nature of man. No changes in society can alter this tendency to sin. Hence the state has no alternative but to allow these appetites to flourish, to exalt the strong and give a bowl of soup to the weak. Its only function is to curb the exploiters when they threaten the stability of society as a whole. The state can do no more than hold the ring, while the animal battle proceeds to its preordained end. Government cannot cure evil; it can only correct and, as a last resort, chastise it.

As a result, a Tory society constantly finds itself devising desperate correctives to the appetites which it has permitted to grow, or even stimulated. Having based the economy on the supremacy of the motor-car – having indeed made car production the index of prosperity – and having exalted car-possession as the symbol of material happiness, it must now hunt despairingly for legal correctives on car-use. Publicity campaigns to halt deaths on the road, new tests for drunken drivers, parking-meters, Pink zones – all these frail fences, with doubtless many more to come, are in turn erected to stem the mechanical avalanche. Meanwhile, the universal traffic-jam, the apocalyptic climax of affluent freedom, begins to assemble.

This week, too, we had a further illustration. Having encouraged the growth of consumer credit – so that hire-purchase debts have multiplied five times since 1955, to a grand total of £1,000 m – the government is now confronted with a new criminal: the consumer felon. In default of changing the system, which would undermine the assumption that greed is the only dynamic of progress, new detective devices are to be fashioned: secret lists are to be compiled and a new class of outlaws created. Such lists, the Tory admits, are unpleasant, un-English and could be dangerous; but where is the alternative?

Where indeed? If the assumption is made that man is incorrigibly sinful, the state has no alternative but to permit him to sin, preventing him only from sinning too disastrously against society. But what if man is a potential saint? The early Socialists believed this firmly, holding that, if only the environment were changed, man would exercise his natural preference for virtue. Few today accept this theory in its pristine form: indeed, there is accumulating evidence that some sins at least survive the extinction of property.

Nevertheless, the essence of Socialism remains that structural changes in society can, in certain directions, improve human behaviour, that it is the function of government to cure as well as correct. This belief goes much deeper than Clause Four, which merely reflects it. And it has a specific validity today, when the growing affluence of the community militates against radical change. For capitalism, placing the pains and pleasures of living exclusively on the shoulders of the individual, rejects the notion of duty, and thus confines progress within strictly material limits. Socialism, by placing the emphasis on the community, offers the individual incentives which materialism cannot supply, and thus opens the road to progress over the whole range of human behaviour. It is from this assumption that the debate about the practical objectives of Socialism should begin.

Comments on the Week's News

Westminster

The Persistent Commoner

A Political Correspondent writes: Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn's attempt to remain in the Commons is facing its first real test – before the Committee of Privileges. Should he fail there, other legal expedients are available in his effort to establish the simple proposition that the electors of Britain should be free to choose their representatives without interference by the Crown. The law is by no means simple in this field, and Mr Benn who has studied the problem for years – with the help of his late father – is both determined and skilfully advised. It may be that he will succeed within the law as it now stands: certainly he is right to make the attempt. But the ingenuity of his legal enterprise should not disguise the fact that the issue is essentially political. Do the people of Britain approve of the Sovereign's right (as Lord Altrincham cogently expressed it in the *Guardian* last week) to 'unseat an MP and transfer him against his will to "another place" '? Do they indeed want a hereditary House of Lords at all? These are the real issues of Benn's campaign, as they were ten years ago when Lord Hailsham was faced with the same arbitrary and stupid ending to a brilliant Commons career; and the electors of SE Bristol may yet be asked to pass judgment on them. It is scarcely credible that official Labour Party backing for Benn should have been so lukewarm and so tardy: even *The Times* seems to have been quicker than Mr Gaitskell to nod its support. If only Mr Anthony Crosland or Mr Woodrow Wyatt were the heir to a UK peerage . . . .

The Drink Bill

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* George Thomas one of the Labour members for Cardiff, abstains from drink but not from fun. His eyes sparkle with it as he strides along the Commons corridors. Even when he is at his most passionate, denouncing war or extolling Methodism, one feels that the flash may at any moment make way for a twinkle. So it is that he can call his opponents 'cowards' without subsequently receiving a writ, or lash a backsliding colleague without being summoned before the Parliamentary Committee. This week, on the Licensing Bill, he was at the top of his form. The brewers and the Tory party and the Home Secretary all got their share of stick; and the House got its share of laughs. Loudest perhaps was on the proposal for 15 minutes drinking up time after 'last orders'. This, thought Thomas, would merely increase guzzling, since, at 'last orders', some drinkers would buy not one, but three and line them on the bar. 'I suspect', said Thomas, 'that the Home Secretary knows as little about pubs as I do myself'.

Certainly, some ignorance has gone into this bill. The proposal to extend Sunday opening from 2 pm to 3 pm which was fired at from all sides, must have been put in by someone whose experience of pubs is confined to Chelsea. Frequenters of pubs in villages and provincial towns know how glances at the clock become anxiously furtive as early as one o'clock and how the thought of blackened dinners and blacker looks at home causes total exodus by half-past. A more sensible proposal would have been to open at 11 on a Sunday morning instead of 12; but this would have brought the churches down on Butler's head.

He had enough trouble as it was. He proposed sensibly enough to extend the facilities for selling drinks with meals. What, he was at once asked by Mr Cledwyn Hughes, is a meal? Butler said he would leave that to the imagination; but was reminded by Sir Frank Soskice of a ruling that tripe, even though not served with a knife and fork, constituted a meal. This horrified Mr Glenvil Hall into visions of whisky being totted out from every whelk stall. Again, Butler proposed to extend drinking facilities in residential establishments; but this led Mr Eric Fletcher into a defence of the traditional British boarding house, where the only bottles to be seen on tables contain tomato ketchup.

The local option proposal brought Butler his greatest headache of all. 'Why should Wales have local option on drink?' cried George Thomas. 'We were not offered local option on betting shops. The Scots were not offered local option of Polaris bases'. This, he said, was a matter that should be settled by parliament – a doctrine which seemed strange coming from a member who resents English interference in Welsh affairs, until one realised that he wanted the matter settled by the Welsh Standing Committee – where he could be sure of having a majority against any drink at all. Butler was assured, by Mr Clem Davies and by many others, that the whole Principality regarded him as the desecrator of the Welsh Sabbath. On the other hand he was assured by Mr Iorwerth Thomas that virtually the whole of the Principality demanded drinks on Sunday – witness the increase in the number of drinking clubs.

How Butler and the House will sort all this out remains to be seen. Almost every supporter of the Bill said that, while he would vote for it on second reading, the thing was shot through with holes which would have to be plugged in committee. I myself do not see how even the most perspicacious committee can make sense of any bill which is trying, essentially, to legislate for human nature. I do hope, however, that the committee will listen to the heart cry of Lord Balniel who pointed out that, under existing laws, billiard tables on licensed premises must remain covered on Sunday 'like the legs of grand pianos in Victorian times'. The bill which, among so many other things, purports to deal with striptease shows might surely allow a little stripping here.

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The Commonwealth

The End of Federation?

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: It may well prove that the most important factor in the Central African Federal Review Conference, which opens next week, is the meeting of the African leaders rather than the conference deliberations themselves, which seem doomed to deadlock. The white representatives, led by Sir Roy Welensky and Sir Edgar Whitehead, simply cannot conceive a federal or a Southern Rhodesian government controlled by Africans during their lifetime. That conception spells complete disaster to the vast majority of their white compatriots. The Africans, on the other hand, are passionately determined to catch up with their brothers in Tanganyika, Kenya and West Africa. Unlike Kenya 12 months ago, where the situation seemed similar, the Federation has no white political leaders of any power who are capable of recognising that the security of the white community depends on proving good faith to the African. Thus the theoretical possibility of evolving a democratic constitution over a period long enough to acclimatise European opinion, yet short enough to convince the African of good faith, probably does not exist.

No doubt Mr Macleod will try his utmost to secure some form of accommodation. He will certainly attempt to undermine the preconceived notions of the European leaders and get them to offer a radical change in the federal franchise and representation. His influence has already persuaded the Northern Rhodesian Africans to come to London, and has even broken through Sir Edgar Whitehead's stubborn refusal to live in the 20th century to the extent of forcing him to agree to a Southern Rhodesian constitutional conference. But the stupidity of the whites over the past nine years has had too deep an effect on the African temper to encourage one to expect much response to these gestures. So the conference itself seems doomed to failure, and the Federation, one way or another, to dissolution. What then? It would still be possible, without federation, to continue economic co-operation and the movement of labour, though confidence would decline. Southern Rhodesia would have to tighten its belt as its industrial and commercial superstructure found itself unable to count as heavily on the copper revenues. Welensky would quickly disappear from the political scene, and each territory could then find its own level and pace of constitutional development.

It is here that the importance of the meeting of African leaders assumes its paramount significance. One of the great weaknesses of African nationalism in Central Africa has been the inability of the African leaders to

meet in order to co-ordinate policies. If they now look round the world, they can discern some of the tragic effects in Europe and South America of a concentration on national sovereignty – on 'independence' – as an end in itself. Already, in West and North Africa, they can see that its effects can become as tragic in their own continent. They have the responsibility, and in London the opportunity, of saving their people in the Rhodesias and Nyasaland from the same disastrous fate.

New York

Hour of Trial

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* The fading Administration seems to be doing all it can to leave President-elect Kennedy with a supply of emergencies for those dramatic opening months of his regime. If there was any suspicion that this period of planned excitement was to have a synthetic quality, in self-conscious imitation of Roosevelt's Hundred Days, it is fast disappearing. There is a series of crises that should be enough to require the new President to display at once his decisiveness, vigour, and imagination.

Among the first of these crises Mr Kennedy faces, on the domestic front, is a showdown between state and federal power in the Black Belt of the Deep South. In New Orleans the school board has been caught in a trap from which, ultimately, only a strong executive in Washington can rescue it. A federal court ordered the board to admit four little coloured girls to the first grade of a hitherto lily-white public school, sent US marshals to protect the children from neo-Confederate heroes on the way, and enjoined Louisiana state officials from interfering in the process in any way.

The state legislature, in turn, egged on by a governor who had pledged himself to go to jail rather than allow Negro and white children ever to learn their multiplication tables in the same building, forbade all such abominations, directed the arrest of any judges, marshals, and city officials who abetted them, and ordered the schools closed in the emergency.

Technically the Louisiana officials were falling back on 'interposition', the doctrine that a state can at any time interpose its sovereignty between its people and the federal government, as though the Civil War had been fought only to provide entertainment for amateur military strategists of the future and royalties for 5,000 authors yet unborn.

No doubt the federal judiciary, including the Supreme Court, will ultimately make mincemeat of 'interposition', but until it does the prospects are for more turbulence than New Orleans has already experienced. Here and elsewhere Kennedy will have to decide immediately whether he is merely an umpire, charged with calling an occasional foul, as Eisenhower did in Little Rock, or the nation's leader, committed to use the moral influence of his office, as Eisenhower has not done at any time since the integration opinion first came up.

Whatever Eisenhower may think of that opinion – he obviously has little sympathy with it – the legislators at Baton Rouge gave him every chance to affirm the supremacy of the law, to denounce a theory that Andrew Jackson more appropriately called nullification, and at the very least to express some sense of outrage that a governor could encourage mobs to demonstrate in front of a school-house while four six-year-olds were being led, trembling, to their classroom. Even on the crassly political level, the President's seeming indifference serves only to leave the way open for Kennedy to make a strong contrast. It is true that when the Louisiana legislature asked directly for Kennedy's view of the matter, the President-elect chose not to answer, on the ground that the case was before the courts. But the hope is that he did not expect the reply to be taken seriously, that he simply did not wish to tip his hand in advance or to appear to be assuming powers not yet his to exercise.

The integration issue is only now getting down to the real test. States tinged with southern influence – Maryland, West Virginia, Delaware, and Oklahoma – offered no serious resistance. In border states like Tennessee racialists put up a harder fight, but a losing one. Comparatively urbanised sections of Virginia and North Carolina grudgingly accepted modest and graduated schemes of desegregation. But now, six years after the Supreme Court's decision, the hour of trial approaches in the heart of the magnolia-and-cornpone country, with Louisiana the first of the diehard states to hear the distant trumpet. If Eisenhower can stall for just another six weeks or so, the challenge will be all Kennedy's – and the response may well set the tone for his administration.

The Law

After Prison

C. H. ROLPH *writes:* A prison medical officer writing in the November *Magistrate* about newcomers to prison says that, today, about the same proportion of them go out of prison and never come back as in the days of the broad arrow and the shaven head, though the total today is three times as great.

That is what underlines the importance of the report of the Pakenham-Thompson Committee, published last Saturday. Its initiator was Mr Peter Thompson, a London public relations consultant. A year ago his brief-case was stolen by a thief whom he then befriended, and whose post-prison difficulties opened Mr Thompson's eyes to what seemed to him a cynically neglected social problem. He enlisted the interest of a number of influential persons in a projected reform of the prison after-care system. Most of them knew little or nothing of the problem. They brought vigorous business minds to it for the first time. The value of their report, accordingly, is that it starts from scratch, takes nothing for granted, and defines all its terms: here is the complete story for beginners. It has not shirked the knottiest problems.

The recommendations for a reorganisation of the Discharged Prisoners Aid Societies and the training of prison welfare officers have, for two reasons, come opportunely. First, the societies are under the central direction of a vigorous new personality who is little concerned to defend the *status quo*; secondly, the Home Secretary has just charged his Advisory Committee on the Treatment of Offenders, fresh from its study of corporal punishment, with the task of investigating officially the whole after-care system in England and Wales. The Pakenham-Thompson Committee stresses the need for further research into the reason why ex-prisoners, who in the present state of the labour market can usually get jobs, are so seldom able to keep them. This was its essential concern. It gives the Home Secretary's Committee a good jumping-off ground.

Communism

The Party in Moscow

A Student of Soviet Affairs writes: When the Communist leaders go into secret session, newspaper comment on their purposes becomes more speculative than ever. But in the present case, anxiety about the Moscow talks has not been limited to western journalists. For the Communist apparatus all over the world has been affected by the differences between Moscow and Peking. It has, of course, suffered other trials in the last decade. But in all those the problem for the machine was essentially one of adaptation to the new Moscow line, and of dealing with dissidents who were out of step. The difficulty that arises from the disagreement between Krushchev and Mao is more profound: it is increasingly becoming a question of where the line should be laid down. In the past, factionalism in the various Communist parties reflected attachments to the competing factions within the CPSU and control of the apparatus always went to the local faction that had picked the winning side. Now the issue is between two powerful Communist states which offer conflicting interpretations of the world.

Some parties have already run into severe factional trouble as a consequence. The Indian CP is in considerable trouble; so is the Indonesian party, and the 'Peking' wing is making a bid for control of the Australian party. The front organisations have also been disrupted. It is this, as well as the necessity of providing a common line for the Communist parties that hold power, and deciding their posture towards the non-Communist world, that has set special problems for the Moscow meeting.

The Universities

The Status Seekers

W. JOHN MORGAN *writes:* Last week-end the National Union of Students held their largest-ever meeting at the Winter Gardens, Margate. Nearly 500 people represented 160,000 students at British institutes of higher education, and no dons or administrators could have shown a keener sense of responsibility. The NUS clearly is proud of its prestige, of the readiness of government, the UGC and various powerful groups to accept and praise their memoranda. This pride and the fact that most of the delegates are hardened, as chairmen of committees at home, in rules of procedure and the need to work quickly through an agenda probably accounts for the otherwise puzzling solemnity of the occasion.

Many decisions were taken. The first week in December is to see a concerted campaign against the Means Test, about which all delegates felt strongly. There is to be an inquiry into the operation of the colour bar by landladies. There were several long debates on teachers' training and on student health which revealed an encouraging degree of understanding about their own problems among the students. But, in some ways, the public debates were misleading.

For example, a resolution was passed condemning Sir David Eccles's notorious circular TC 14/60 which has the teaching profession up in arms, since, by emphasising that the rôle of training colleges in the immediate future is to concentrate on the production of primary teachers, it broadens the gulf between the graduate and non-graduate teacher. This

was taken by NUT observers and others to show that students recognised a common interest, that university men and others were breaking down old barriers.

But conversations away from the microphones suggested that in fact barriers might well be growing higher. In the present haphazard pattern of educational programmes, men at colleges of advanced technology and at technical colleges feel themselves increasingly deprived of the time and facilities and status of university people. Meeting undergraduates at NUS council, many come to learn of what they are missing. The desire among technical students to acquire the blessings of hostels, for instance, is understandably greater than the desire among university students that 'the others' should have these things.

Fleet Street

The Case for an Inquiry

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* Mr Kenneth Robinson's private member's motion on the press has still to come before the House as I write but I hope the government's response will be more positive than present expectations indicate – and so do a good many people in Fleet Street. These include a considerable number of people on the management side as well as editorial staffs and trade unions. For the need for an impartial investigation into the whole structure of the newspaper industry is now becoming urgent.

Eleven years ago the Royal Commission on the Press, although showing itself a good deal less awake to the dangers ahead than many of us had hoped – it actually managed to persuade itself that a number of new papers would be successfully launched as soon as supplies of newsprint became easier and expressed the opinion that a decrease in the number of either national or provincial morning papers was 'unlikely' – did deliver itself of one firm judgment. This was that 'any further decrease in the number of national newspapers would be a matter for anxiety and a decrease in the provincial morning newspapers would be a serious loss.' In fact the Royal Commission's optimism about the future has proved wholly unfounded, while the number and importance of the papers forced to close down has been far greater than even the most pessimistic among those of us who gave evidence before the Commission then feared. The loss of the *News Chronicle* and *Star* was merely the latest and most sensational chapter.

Consider the facts. Since the Royal Commission reported no less than six provincial morning newspapers have been forced out of independent business. The total of provincial evenings has also been reduced, and two national Sunday papers (the *Sunday Graphic* will make a third) and one provincial Sunday paper have been forced to cease publication. Moreover, in the same period, 33 provincial weekly papers – and it is hard to over-estimate the importance of the commercial, agricultural, and social services rendered by a good local weekly to its community – have been compelled to stop independent publication. And to complete the picture some 40 magazines, including several of large national circulation or important political or cultural influence, have closed down. At the same time there has been an immeasurably greater concentration of magazine publishing in a few hands than even at the peak of the Northcliffe empire, while the development of circulations has been such that more than four out of every five copies of national morning newspapers read by the British public each day are now controlled by Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Rothermere or Mr Cecil Harmsworth King.

There are still fortunately a number of strong independent provincial morning papers, although few of them are without economic problems which are getting worse. But the number of provincial towns and cities with more than one evening paper is now no more than a tiny handful of the very largest. This situation is not of concern simply to those who own or manage newspapers – or even to those who work for them, whether as journalists or in any other capacity. It directly affects the interests of readers and ought to concern any responsible government.

To be of value an inquiry should be directed to four main areas of concern: (1) The present high cost of newsprint. How far is it or is it not the case that newsprint has risen to an artificially high price as a consequence of what some people believe to be a far too monopolistic structure in the newsprint industry? (2) Labour costs. How far are restrictive practices supported or accepted by both sides of the industry? And is the present structure of wages and conditions, including overtime rates, so rigid that it is penalising the smaller units to the advantage of those able – and ready – to pay in order to make things difficult for competitors or potential competitors? (3) Distribution. How far are present distribution costs and discounts to wholesalers and retailers in line with the economic potentialities of the industry as a whole and how far are they geared to the most successful, without due regard for those which, by their very nature, cannot hope to succeed commercially on the same level? (4) Advertising. How far is the advertising industry in danger of losing sight of the advantage not only to the public as a whole but to itself of variety in newspapers by too great a concentration on cost per single column inch per thousand readers without regard to other factors?

I do not for one moment suggest that government action would be possible in all these areas, although it might be in some if abuses of monopoly are found to exist. But what is most needed at this time is an independent, authoritative report on the facts so that public opinion can form an accurate judgment. And so, also, that those in the industry who are anxious to carry through reforms can be given the necessary ammunition and the necessary public support to try to do something before it is too late.

German Socialism Goes Democrat

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

How can a Socialist party change its spots and acquire a new skin, less unpopular and more in tune with the Affluent Society? Quite apart from the debate on the merits of Mr Crosland's case for revisionism, I have been pondering for some time about the techniques which the Labour Party would have to employ if it decided to accept his advice. It was a fortunate chance, therefore, that sent me to Hanover last week to attend the annual conference of the German Social Democrats.

Unfortunately, I arrived at lunch time on Thursday, just too late to hear the end of a mild altercation about nuclear weapons – the one and only public disagreement that jarred the smooth working of a supremely well organised machine. An unrehearsed and deeply felt repudiation of nuclear strategy, voiced on the previous day by Erich Ollenhauer, had roused the 400-odd delegates to a round of spontaneous and quite unexpectedly enthusiastic applause. For a few hours it looked as if the whole intricate manœuvre, designed to liberate the new leadership from any and every left-wing commitment – including a firm opposition to German nuclear weapons – had been endangered by an indiscretion on the part of the party chairman.

But by Thursday morning the difficulties had been smoothed out. First Fritz Erler, the party spokesman on defence, and then Willy Brandt himself, urged the delegates to have a proper sense of responsibility. To tie the hands of the leadership on this issue, they said, would be playing into Dr Adenauer's hands, since the Germans, like the English, will not vote for a party which denies to their soldiers the best and most modern weapons. With only a handful of dissentients, the conference duly voted down the policy it had applauded so wildly on the previous afternoon. As I say, I missed this little scene but found the reporters still seething with excitement. No wonder! For it had provided them with the news that the rest of this monolithic conference so sadly lacked.

Friday's formal proceedings, however – though uninteresting to the press – seemed to me of the greatest importance to British Socialists. During the last 18 months, while we have been arguing about the relevance to the 1960s of our traditional Socialism and, in particular, of public ownership, the SPD has made up its mind and acted on the decision. What I witnessed was the final public ratification of a long and anxious procedure, designed to change not merely the policies and programme but the character of the SPD. Finally, on Friday morning, the cord was pulled, the curtain was drawn aside, and there before us was the new image of a new party, designed on the pattern of the American Democrats and headed by a new leader, unmistakably modelling himself on Mr Kennedy.

The proceedings began with the naming by the old leader, Ollenhauer, of the team that will be presented to the German elector as the Socialist Cabinet he should vote for. Headed by Willy Brandt, the young and – still more important – the young-looking Mayor of Berlin, it is dominated intellectually by Carlo Schmid and includes a number of the politicians who achieved popularity in Socialist *Land* governments. Even more important, it excludes not only the party chairman, Erich Ollenhauer, but the most powerful politician in the party, Herbert Wehner. As an ex-Communist who, up till a few months ago, was leading the left-wing opposition to revisionism, Wehner is regarded as a liability which the party cannot afford. I understand, however, that he has now given his unqualified support to the new line and will be entrusted with the vital task of running the central machine.

When the new team had been introduced, Carlo Schmid went to the rostrum and, after expressing his heart-felt support for Brandt, read aloud the *Appell von Hannover*, a manifesto which has as its central theme the Butlerian aim of doubling the standard of living within a generation. To this end, we are told, the Federal Republic must have a government 'whose economic policy combines freedom and social responsibility, creates prosperity for town and country and gets to work on the creation of a property-owning democracy.' This latter, it goes on, will include a home of one's own, a car of one's own and a chance for ordinary people to own shares in industry.

When I remarked to a member of the Executive that the *Appell von Hannover* includes not even a phrase that could not be supported either by the FDP (the Liberal Party) or by Adenauer's CDU, he replied that this, of course, was the precise purpose of the manifesto. 'Our aim is to bring ourselves as close alongside our opponents of the CDU as we possibly can. That is why we have not only become a party of free enterprise, without any commitment to further public ownership, but have abandoned all our attacks on Adenauer's foreign policy and are now insisting on bipartisanship in foreign affairs. Later on in the campaign, however,' he added, 'we may well distance ourselves a little from our opponents if it is tactically desirable.'

After the *Appell*, which seemed to me to me to fall rather flat, we reached the climax of this five-day conference – the first speech of Willy Brandt as the SPD's Shadow Chancellor. I felt that his natural machine-gun style of clipped oratory was hampered by the fact that the full text of his long speech had been circulated before he began. But, for the purposes of the party managers, any lack of spontaneity in Brandt's delivery, and any sense that the affair was a contrived demonstration with little genuine response from the delegates, were minor losses. For, although it is true that the brains trust that helped Brandt compose this speech had only completed the final draft at four that morning, its political content had been discussed and agreed over many months; and its presentation had been carefully worked out by experts, including a new institute of public opinion and promotion research which the party has recently established. What I was watching, therefore, was a left-wing party presenting its new leadership and its new message with the calculated skills and techniques which up till now, at least on this side of the Atlantic, have been the monopoly of the right.

The first aim of Brandt's speech was to scotch the CDU propaganda about his birth (he is illegitimate) and emigré background. I found this passage genuinely moving, but I was less impressed by the pages devoted to assuring the voter that the SPD had really broken with its Socialist past. This included a formal declaration that, though the unions have done yeoman service in the economic and social development of the country, 'we are not a trade union party.' And a little later there came the following passage: 'One might ask whether the popular decision will not be rendered more difficult if the parties come closer to one another and work more closely together. Let me answer this. In a healthy and developing democracy, it is not unusual, it is perfectly normal, that the parties, on a whole range of topics, represent similar or even identical commitments.' Once again I was surprised by the belief that a left-wing party in opposition will increase its chances of winning an election by minimising its differences from the government. But I was assured that the whole of the SPD, apart from a weak and fragmented Left, now accepts this view that, with a young, attractive candidate to contrast with the aged Adenauer, me-tooism is an election winner.

There are, I think, three main reasons why the SPD has decided on this drastic revision of its personality. The first is the simple fact that, in a country with a Nazi past, any kind of centralised planning and state ownership can be easily smeared as Hitlerite. Particularly in a period of affluence, decent democratic Germans will prefer Liberalism to Socialism. Secondly, this dislike of planning and public ownership is greatly strengthened by the existence on the other side of the partition line of the German Democratic Republic, with its Stalinoid version of nationalisation. Almost inevitably, the SPD, in an effort to disavow any relation with East German Communism, has found itself disavowing Socialism. The third reason for the change is the fact that the SPD has been out of power not for ten years, like the Labour Party, but ever since 1930. This has created a profound sense of frustration and a conviction that, for the sake of winning power, no sacrifice can be too great. Hence the decision to go the whole hog and, instead of watering Socialism down, to abandon it altogether and adopt the American Democratic Party as the model of the new style in German politics.

But will the change be successful? Any foreign observer would be foolish to make up his mind, when the campaign has not even begun. Certainly there are very special reasons for German revisionism, which do not apply over here. After all, we did not lose the war and our country is not partitioned, with Communists in control north of the Trent. But, whatever my objections to the change the SPD made, I must admit that it has been carried out with courage and determination. If a Socialist Party is to 'go Liberal', then it should be done completely frankly, with the maximum of publicity and with the aid of the modern techniques of promotion. The one course that leads to certain failure is to carry revisionism halfway and then stand exposed as Socialists without convictions.

'The story goes that he who's got the ring rules the world . . .'

African Diary

CRITIC

I am not all here yet. When I come from West Africa in one night it takes a day or two for me to catch up with my body. In fact, the time from Accra to London is not 14 hours, but 14 hours plus two days. And of course the time lag is especially long when the trip involves a violent change in climate. The hotter season had begun in Accra when I was there; this meant that the usual 80 to 90 degrees temperature with 90 degrees humidity did not freshen at sundown; on the contrary, the little sea breeze, which kept you going happily in the day, dropped, and you just stewed all night. A bit of me is still on the beach at Accra – one of the few quite unself-conscious multi-racial beaches in the world. Young well-built Africans, men and women, were surf-riding; they seemed quite happy to allow us Europeans to share their sea. A Ghanaian 'mammy', fat and fun, wearing a full-length cotton frock, was floundering and trumpeting about in the waves like a baby elephant. A few yards away, the inhabitants of a fishing village were pulling in their nets and sharing out the catch. A graceful Ghanaian girl arrived with a load of coconuts and a long knife; at request, she cuts off the top of the coconut and gives you a too-sweet cold drink. Myself, I preferred to buy a large pineapple from another girl. Two hours after my bathe I was in the plane on the way to London, and at nine the next morning I stepped out onto the sodden tarmac, apparently in the same unceasing rain from which I had escaped two weeks before.

* * *

We all tend to think that any African who knows English well must be exceptionally clever. Certainly that is what an African thinks of any Englishman who knows his language. The language of Northern Nigeria, Hausa, is not too difficult for Europeans, but the two main languages of the west and east, Yoruba and Ibo, are tonal and quite beyond us. Here is a typical conversation, with a steward in a hotel:

Critic: You know English?
African: I educated boy, I know English.
Critic: I educated man. I don't know Yoruba.
African: I, Ibo.

* * *

I was not surprised to hear the students from Ibadan (the capital of the Western Region) had travelled the 90 miles to Lagos to rough-house ministers who, they think, are maintaining colonialism by making a defence agreement with England. Most Nigerians I talked to doubt whether they are really rid of colonialism. They agitate against 'expatriates', especially Peter Stallard, the private secretary to the federal Premier. They imagine him intriguing for Britain. Abubakar explains that he keeps Stallard because he is efficient. Everyone knows that it would be difficult to find an equally competent Nigerian who would not be under pressure from one of the regions, parties, tribes, or from his family. I discussed this frankly with a group of young Nigerian nationalists. I said that Stallard was not really important. He would go when the Prime Minister wanted him to; couldn't they forget their colonial hangover and talk about Nigeria's future? Some agreed with me but added that Stallard must go because he was a symbol. 'Independence,' said one, 'must not only be won, but, like justice, must be seen to be won.' After that we got round to discussing what Socialism meant for Nigeria. All West Africans are schizophrenic about this. They need capital from the West, but fear colonialism. How precisely to differentiate between 'exploitation' and 'development'?

* * *

In Ghana, you don't feel as you do in Nigeria. This is a country which has started on a purposeful road. It has a five-year plan. Its streets and traffic are disciplined. Whereas in Lagos only a few, mainly foreigners, are as yet seriously worried about child mortality, nutrition diseases, slums and welfare, Ghana has some admirable and devoted specialists working on these problems; there is the promising beginning of a welfare state. If there is corruption, as of course there is, it is among Important People who are suspect because they build houses which seem beyond their salaries, and among contractors and people who get rake-offs. There is not the spiv atmosphere that makes Nigeria fun to look at, but which carries great evils in its train. This distinction should be understood by visitors and journalists who so readily denounces Ghana as totalitarian and assume that it is hell-bent on the road to Communism. The proper comparison is not with a modern western democracy but with Tudor England. Ghana is being welded into a united country, and this I think should be applauded. Only when we understand this, can we do any good by criticising some of the measures which the CPP takes to preserve its domination.

* * *

Three years ago, when Nkrumah gave me a long interview which was published in this journal (5 October 1957), he made it clear that he was employing Krobo Edusei to frighten the opposition party. Africans do not easily understand our notion of an opposition with a right to criticise the government. The custom has always been for a faction which dissents from the chief to engage in vehement argument and, if it is defeated, to give way and shut up, lest worse befall it. This has happened in Ghana. The opposition has been terrorised, sometimes by methods which make nonsense of liberties, formally guaranteed. The *Ashanti Pioneer*, the one serious opposition newspaper, has been reduced to a pitiful subservience by the special law which enabled the government to put in a CPP man to censor it. This is defended by some ministers, but there is a chance this bad Act will be repealed. There are now about 160 persons in preventive detention, minimum sentence five years. The more extreme members of CPP call them all 'gangsters'. One, in an important position, said they ought to have been all shot out of hand. When I pointed out that the official Sharp Report on the plot which led to their arrest rejected the charge that they had meant to kill the President, he waved this aside as the work of a western liberal lawyer. The popular will, he declared, would have shot these people out of hand. But again I have hopes that the immense damage to Ghana's prestige done by this preventive detention – something that the British never imposed in Ghana – may influence Nkrumah to a more tolerant and merciful view.

* * *

Of western influences in Ghana, the one that seemed to me oddest was the transference of Oxford and Cambridge rituals to the new university at Legon. We sat at a high table in a magnificent hall with scarlet pillars; the undergraduates clad in red gowns ate at refectory tables below. We started and ended our meal with a Latin grace. I found opportunities to talk to different groups of students as lively, well-informed and interested as their counterparts at English universities. But the quickest to speak up were students from Nigeria, and I think I was not wrong in guessing that some of the Ghanaians were cautious or mumchance for fear that they might lose their scholarships or not get their expected jobs if they said too much. They all have state scholarships, and there is now an organisation in the university of CPP supporters who are likely to report dangerous thoughts to headquarters.

* * *

There are about 20 new independent African states. Few of us even know their names. Some of them are very small. They all have votes in the UN Assembly. Even if the state is as small as Chad or Gabon, it will count as much as a voter and be as jealous of its 'sovereignty' as the United States or Russia. They all need 'economic aid', and very few of them are large or strong enough to say boo to any of the huge commercial interests which are now greedy to make profits out of them. Ghana is an exception; she will get the Volta scheme at last. The reason, I understand, is that Detroit has decided to substitute aluminium for sheet steel in car manufacture.

* * *

American, German, French, British, and Japanese interests compete. Russia and China are the alternative. Some hope to deal with this problem of Balkanisation by joint communications and the gradual creation of common economic services. That seems to me mere evasion. Sovereignty will not be thus functionally eroded. There is a militant wing in Ghana, led by Mr Tettegah, head of the Ghanaian trade unions, which sweeps the problem aside with fine Marxist phrases about Pan-African trade unionism uniting the African workers. Nkrumah is trying another method. His first move was to seek union with Guinea. Though his proposed union failed, the two countries will work together. On the day I left Accra, Nkrumah returned from Mali bringing an agreement, the full purport of which we do not yet know. How far his direct approach can succeed I can't guess. President Tubman of Liberia is nearly as chary of discussing federation with

This England

The new collection of gems from the 'This England' column, with 50 Vicky drawings. It makes an ideal Christmas card and costs only 2s. 6d. from newsagents and booksellers. In case of difficulty, write sending 2s. 6d. per copy to the Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, London W.C.1.

Nkrumah as Abubakar of Nigeria. But we reach here the core of present African politics. In the Eighties, almost the whole of Africa was carved up between the European imperial powers. What was scrambled in the great 19th-century scramble for Africa has been politically unscrambled. Today, a great new economic scramble has begun. Alone, most of the newly independent states would be as economically helpless as the peoples the West conquered were 70 years ago. A federal West Africa, however, might become strong enough to accept capital investment from both West and East, to avoid re-colonisation and the deadly embrace of the Cold War.

* * *

The *Daily Telegraph* has been converted to neutralism in Asia. It denounces the folly of American support for reactionary governments in countries receiving technical aid. The NS was denounced as pro-Communist for saying this ten years ago.

Ritchie Calder, one of the oldest and most faithful staff writers on this journal, has been made a professor in Edinburgh. Cheers and more cheers. Few have contributed more to scientific understanding and none more to the spread of international ideas. His supplement on the Congo, which will be published in this journal next week, is the first thorough eye-witness account of the whole complex tragedy. He has no academic background. He began as a boy reporter in Scotland. The nearest precedents are Richard Titmuss at LSE and Charles Madge at Birmingham.

Gerald Gardiner has told the Fabians that the way for the Labour Party to win votes is 'extremely simple'. Two things are necessary: To move the party 'a long way to the left where, I believe, it would have been now but for insane beliefs' and, secondly, to 'write up in large letters inside Transport House the six words "To hell with the floating voter", then, I think that, paradoxically, we shall begin to get their votes'.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Last month I talked so much about Adam Faith that my boy-friend went out and had his hair bleached and nibbled at the front. Now I have quite gone off Adam Faith and wish we could start all over again. I would like him to look more mature now, maybe like Rex Harrison or the Duke of Bedford. – Letter in *Evening Standard*. (Kay Cronin.)

Mrs Elizabeth Wall, who gave notice to quit to Lionel Ward, a second year Nottingham University student, after finding a copy of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' in his room, said yesterday that student lodgers would not be allowed to bring the book into her house in Queen's Road, Beeston. She has two other students lodging there.

'It seems everybody has gone sex crazy,' she said. 'I am not a prude. It's time the women set a standard for clean living.' – *Daily Telegraph*. (Leon Gordon.)

When a five-foot five-inch link chain was produced by the police at Whitley Bay yesterday, Kenneth George (20), unemployed, of Burnside Avenue, Annitsford, said he carried it to prevent him from biting his nails. – *Whitley Seaside Chronicle & Guardian*. (A. S. Fotheringham.)

Polaris rockets mounted on barges cruising on British canals and rivers could provide a mobile and relatively cheap form of nuclear deterrent, says the Inland Waterways Association today. – *Evening Standard*. (K. Mills.)

Logogram – 7

'My wife tells me she has thought of a simple scheme that will help to pay for our summer holidays this year,' said the Professor.

'As you know, we have planned to go to Monte Carlo for a month. What she proposes to do is to drop in at the Casino each evening and start betting on the Red at the roulette wheel. As soon as a Black comes up, she will stop betting and leave.

'Now the bets she will place in any one evening will always be in one or other of the following sequences: B, RB, RRB, RRRB, and so on. She will never have more than one losing bet in any one evening, but she may have any number of winning bets. Over the whole period of our holidays, therefore, she will have more winning bets than losing bets, and since to all intents and purposes she is betting on an even money chance, she must of necessity be in pocket.

'I wonder if you can tell me if there is any fallacy in her argument, and if so, what it is.'

Solution next week

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Only one boy is not always truthful. But if John is not always truthful, Michael too is not always truthful. Again, if Michael is not always truthful, Norman is not always truthful. Hence since the boy who is not always truthful is neither John nor Michael, he must be Norman.

'Logogramist' writes: Due to a slip on my part Logogram No. 5 was wrongly worded. The ages of Anne, Charles and Mary were given as 12, 11 and 8; these should have read 12, 10 and 8. I tender my apologies to readers.

Australian Paradox

NORMAN MACKENZIE

'What do you think of Australia?'. At the end of a year of journeys across its drab-olive distances, I try to answer the question every visitor is asked repeatedly – and in a way which avoids the condescending ignorance of many English visitors and the defensive self-consciousness which characterises most Australians.

The English usually report that it is the end of the world: when all else fails you go out and govern or live in New South Wales, no place for men of intelligence or refinement. Too often the Australians diminish their real achievement by boosting it up as a paradise for migrants and picnickers. A century ago Trollope noted a tendency to 'blow', and if he had heard the premier of Victoria, Mr Bolte, insisting that Australia is 'almost a utopia' he would have felt that little had changed since he was writing.

Neither crabbing nor blowing, however, does the state of Australian society much service. There has been too much of both, and too little effort to understand what has been achieved in this physically and socially unusual country in its short history. It has been written off so often as an inferior copy of English provincialism, basking complacently in the sun, that even Australians have been reluctant to take a hard keen look at themselves. Until recently it was thought eccentric to do research in Australian history, and university teachers treated Australian literature as a bad joke.

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There are some unique features about Australian society, as there are about its geography, and its flora and fauna, but sociology is a rare and novel discipline in Australia. What kind of democracy was built from such unpromising beginnings in an isolated and difficult environment? What happened when the working classes from England and Ireland were able, without the incubus of an aristocratic tradition or a middle-class establishment, to make something out of an empty land? Why did conventional Victorian family patterns persist so long? Why should Australia have emancipated its women at the beginning of the century and yet remain one of the most masculine societies in the English-speaking world?

Australia is normally described in simple stereotypes that make it seem all of a piece. It seems, as an early traveller remarked, 'a very similar country'. Just as the aboriginal developed his astonishingly similar culture across the whole continent so, in Nevertire and Come-By-Chance, Brisbane and Perth, Australians have created a society apparently so uniform in texture that it may be sampled as accurately by the week as by the year. Yet it is not that simple, and its subtle fascination lies in its unresolved paradoxes.

Some of these are the products of environment. A distant British overseas settlement, it has been the most uncritically loyal to the concepts of Throne and Empire. Founded in conditions of cruel authoritarianism, it became a pioneer of radical democracy, but is now socially conservative. The great majority of its people were born in Britain or are of British descent, yet they find it hard to get on with British visitors and migrants, and all their attitudes to Britain hinge on the ambivalences of dislike and affection. A larger proportion of the population lives in the few big cities than in any other country; only 100,000 of its three million square miles are in any way cultivated; and its way of life is Suburbia-in-the-Sun. But it has lived, for more than a century, on primary production, and it still gives special prestige to rural values and habits.

Such contradictions possibly explain why so many Australians seem aggressively unsure of themselves. They have come up from nowhere in 100 years; they live in a federation of jealous colonies with different origins and poor communications, a people who have never been fused by the fire of civil war or a struggle for independence and to whom a sense of danger came for the first time with the fighting in New Guinea and the Battle of the Coral Sea. What is an Australian? What does he want of life?

Such questions were raised by the surge of nationalism in the Nineties. But while the nationalists had a sense of being Australian, they could not define what it really meant. They had the bush tradition in Lawson and Furphy, nationalism in the *Bulletin* and the *Age*, radicalism from Mill, Henry George and Bellamy, yet it never added up to much more than a state of mind – 'mateship', the good life, and a dislike of being over-governed.

There is still some substance in this image of an easy-going frontier society. The best example of 'mateship' I saw was in a bar one pay-night, when a man had fed his wages into a one-armed bandit. As he bought a beer with his last florin, his mates took up a collection, each chipping in with a pound note, which one of them pushed into the man's hand with the words: 'Go on back t'yer wife, Jack'. You can always get a helping hand when you need it, see the pompous cut down, observe the traditional disrespect for authority.

The most extreme case I recall was the applause with which a watching crowd greeted the escaped murderer, Kevin Simmonds, when after a long and exciting chase the police finally put him back in gaol. It is a country without servility, or its symbol, the tip. Orwell, whatever else he might have thought of Australia, would have noted approvingly the absence of the 'money-stink'. The lack of clear and inherited class distinctions makes personal relations easy, at least at the superficial level, and this is the one feature of Australia which even disappointed migrants appreciate.

With this belief that Australia is still an egalitarian near-utopia for the materially-minded ordinary man goes its counterpart, lack of interest in the outside world: the Bomb, Berlin and Cuba mean less in Sydney than Quemoy means in London. Despite the involvement of Australians in two world wars, their role in the Pacific campaign, and their precarious perch on the edge of Asia, this isolationist feeling is almost as strong as it was when Dilke first observed it. It is, like the idea of White Australia, part of the Australian dream – the dream of the Chartists, Irish, Scots and English emigrants, emancipists and free settlers, who at last had a place of their own where, like the Miller of Dee, they cared for nobody and nobody cared for them.

Yet the more I saw of Australia the more I became aware of the stresses that are breaking up a society that had remained essentially unchanged since federation. There are the changes wrought by the migrants, especially those of non-British origin. Their impact is most marked in the restaurants and shops, but they have begun to affect the style of living, the tempo of work, and the pattern of politics. For all the difficulties of assimiliation, numbers tell: more than one Australian in ten is a post-war migrant – and half of these are Italians, Greeks and North European. There is a land boom, a building boom, a boom in new roads and motels; modern architecture and design are winning the struggle against stuffy respectability or sheer bad taste. The universities are getting more students and staff and money; there is a growing interest in painting, in plays and books by Australians, in the splendid opera-house project in Sydney and the proposed cultural centre in Melbourne. Television arrived with a bang, fitting neatly into the pattern of family-living and of concentration in large cities, and promoting the affluent society based on HP.

A country with only ten million people, where wages are high and long distances add to costs, where capital and trained talent are both limited in supply, naturally finds limits to the pace and scope of industrialisation. But it is the bulldozer rather than the sheep, the hydro-electric dam rather than the paddock, the aeroplane and the huge semi-trailers hauling freight that symbolise modern Australia. It is producing an impressive and increasing part of its industrial needs, and in the process it is becoming a much more complex and sophisticated society.

While outsiders, and even many Australians, still speak as if the country was all beer and Bradman, the races at Flemington, kangaroos and koalas, and endless cups of tea offered with an endless supply of sponge-fingers – all of which, I concede, you can find – these seem to me to be fading pictures in an album. The new Australia is taking shape in the vast water and power scheme in the Snowy Mountains, in the remarkable work of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation, in the gleaming factories run up at the edge of the bush at Dandenong, even in the status problems of the prosperous suburbs of Melbourne and Sydney whose residents seem like case-studies by Vance Packard.

Here, indeed, is the central paradox of Australia today. It has quite suddenly acquired the material equipment of the jet age and is trying to operate it with the social controls that suited a time when everything could be measured by the rhythms of wool and wheat sales, and the leisurely passage of goods and ideas from England. Mr Menzies and his colleagues in Canberra, for example, are scarcely enthusiasts for economic planning or a strong central government, but even they are aware of the difficulties of trying to run the expanding economy and a federal political system with a constitution which denies Canberra essential powers. It may be a safeguard for states rights that, apart from foreign policy, almost every important decision is a matter for horse-trading between Canberra and the six capitals, but it does not make for efficient government.

The inadequacy of the political system is just as marked at lower levels. The big cities sprawl outwards, adding suburb to suburb, but nobody has effective powers or much inclination to plan urban development. The public authorities are always short of money, local government is weak, there is a popular dislike of taxation. All these combine with the Australian tradition of making do, in a period of boom, to intensify the contrast between personal prosperity and the inadequacy of public provision.

'The Australian pictures his society as an example of practical Socialism; as almost aggressively reformist', said Ronald Mendelsohn, a senior public servant who has specialised in the social services. 'It is a view out of date, if it had ever been accurate'. Little has been added to the pioneer social legislation passed in the early days of the Commonwealth: the public sector is small, monopolies are left unchecked, no one controls the use of land, the differences in post-tax incomes are becoming greater. Services that elsewhere are provided by the state are left in Australia to the spirited but patchy efforts of voluntary organisations. The corruption of status-seeking is eroding the classlessness of which Australians are proud.

Yet Australians cling to both the good and the bad in the old culture as placidly as they allow the good and the bad of the new industrial society to creep upon them. The quality of public life would be richer if they saw how to use the best elements in their radical tradition to temper the worst features of the affluent society. Neither their politicians nor their press give them much encouragement to do this. Time and effort are wasted in sectarian religious intrigues. The Liberal Party, under Mr Menzies, seems concerned only to give business its head, and to chase subversives with laws permitting telephone-tapping or the new Official Secrets Bill which will make it an offence to 'defame' an ally (Chiang, perhaps?) or even behave in a way that suggests one *might* commit this crime. The Labor

NEXT WEEK

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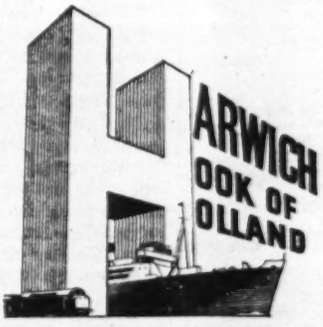

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The Netherlands Chamber Orchestra
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Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G, BWV 1049
Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 in D, BWV 1050
Brandenburg Concerto No. 6 in B flat, BWV 1051
Szymon Goldberg *(Violin)*; Hubert Barwahser, Leo Oostdam *(Flutes)*; Janny van Wering *(Harpsichord)*; Piet Lentz, Hans Bol *(Violas da gamba)*; Bruno Schrecker *('Cello)*; Margaret Major *(Viola)*; Anthony Woodrow *(Double-bass)*
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Toccata and Fugue in D minor, BWV 565
Toccata and Fugue in D minor *(Dorian)*, BWV 538
Chorale Prelude: O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde gross (O Man, bewail thy grievous sin), BWV 622
Fantasia and Fugue in C minor *(The Great)*, BWV 542
Chorale Prelude: Wenn wir in höchsten nöten sein (When in the hour of utmost need), BWV 668
Albert Schweitzer *(Organ)* — GBL 5500

THE WONDERFUL WALTZES OF TCHAIKOVSKY & STRAUSS
Tchaikovsky: Waltz from "Swan Lake"—Ballet, Op. 20; Waltz from Serenade for Strings, Op. 48; Waltz from "The Sleeping Beauty"—Ballet, Op. 66; Waltz of the Flowers from The "Nutcracker" Suite
Johann Strauss, Jr.: Emperor Waltz, Op. 437; Blue Danube Waltz, Op. 314; Roses from the South, Op. 388;
The Philadelphia Orchestra
conducted by Eugene Ormandy — GBL 5518

MOZART
Symphony No. 25 in G minor, K. 183
Symphony No. 28 in C, K.200
Symphony No. 29 in A, K.201
The Columbia Symphony Orchestra
conducted by Bruno Walter — GBL 5502

CHOPIN
24 Preludes, Op. 28; Claudio Arrau *(Piano)* — GBL 5503

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Party, ageing and harried by the Catholic split, is given to gross old-time generalities in public, to desperate factionalism in private. The Country and Democratic Labor parties are simply the stones on which special interests grind their axes.

There are, it is true, exceptions. Opinion is changing about the White Australia policy, and the churches have played a notable part in this shift. There is growing interest and concern about Australia's role as a Pacific nation; the Royal Navy kept the world away for a century, but the US Seventh Fleet is no long-term reply to the pressing question of Australia's relations with her Asian neighbours. There are Australians who challenge the complacent conformity of the suburbs, and resent the pallid parochialism of the daily press. But such issues, and those of welfare, education, and urban congestion, have not been effectively translated into political controversy because the parties look backwards rather than forwards. Life in this isolated continent, part-desert, part-suburbia, has encouraged in its people a sardonic resignation rather than the optimism with which Americans went about finding their place in the world. But today they have the machines, the money, the techniques and the men to dominate it, to write new and richer parts for themselves.

One Cup of Rice

NICHOLAS TUCKER

My form has boys in the lowest academic stream in a very large school. Their reading ages range from six to nine years, and their spelling ages are slightly worse, though they are now all over 12 years old. Recently, morale had sunk rather low. It is never very nice being bottom of a school, and perhaps even worse being bottom of a big school.

To restore a little self respect, I decided we should have an exhibition about world food problems on United Nations' Day, and introduced the idea with a dramatic story about the Chinese coolie who earns one cup of rice a day. 'And who', I ended, looking around the intent faces, as they never could resist a story, 'are the even more miserable and skinny men who sit round the field watching them? They are the ones who are waiting for someone to collapse or die, so they can get his cup of rice; otherwise they won't even get that.'

A moment of silence, then hands shot up. 'Can't we send out our food?' 'Can't we have a form collection every day for them?' (I could guess what would have been the fate of *that* scheme by the end of the week.)

'No', I answered, 'I think we should give an exhibition to tell people who don't know these things, just as you didn't know them. And we can collect at the end of it.'

Practically every boy promised to bring something next day: cardboard, felt, Chinese dishes and so on. I in turn went to the Council for Education in World Citizenship, who lent me some pictures. As usual next day everybody had forgotten to bring something: I remembered grimly the 25 boys who were longing to go to the Schoolboys' Exhibition, and the four who ever turned up. But I finally got most of the materials and began planning the exhibition four days before it should come on. Each boy was to be in charge of one picture which would be arranged round the room so that, with individual explanations, a fairly consistent story should emerge; above each picture there would be a general slogan. There are 25 boys in my class, but I catered for only 20 pictures, as my absentee rate on Monday was usually high.

On Wednesday a separate explanation, which I had written out myself, was given to each boy, but not yet a picture; ink and torn edges detract marvellously from almost anything in a classroom. They were told to rewrite the explanation in their own writing, and then to practise saying it in their own words, with the paper to refer to in emergencies.

The rest of the week was spent in putting breath pauses and full stops roughly in phase, correcting and explaining vocabulary and reminding the boys after each lesson that they had to stay behind on Monday. They also wrote a letter to their parents inviting them along. In art lessons, they were told to paint any picture they liked on the theme of starvation. It was all very rushed, but I had planned this so the subject would not have a chance to lose impetus. Friday came, and the headmaster announced the exhibition as a forthcoming event; jubiliation was high, and that evening the exhibits were hung.

Soon, black paper covered the smudgy walls, and slogans were pinned to strips of bright felt above the pictures. The boys' own pictures were stuck to the windows – not including a starving Chinese peasant who had acquired a cigarette in the corner of her mouth. Soon the room began to look nice, or so Philip thought. Looking up from his cutting-out, he eyed me encouragingly: 'Sir, I didn't think this exhibition was going to be no good.'

On Monday I had three boys away, and three more who suddenly realised they could not come. In the dress rehearsal each boy was listened to critically and final adjustments were made. At 4.15 pm, I had every boy standing behind a desk in front of his picture, while the form captain had the job of contrasting the calories in a school dinner, by now rather pale and tired-smelling, with those in a rather more appealing cup of rice – my Chinese bowl never arrived. The first visitor was let in, and the exhibition was under way. A large disorderly queue waited outside in the corridor, and boys were allowed in every half minute. Often the queue outside would fade into silence, meaning that an important figure was striding down the corridor to visit us; indeed, we were supported by the rest of the staff most generously.

It was a great success, and we were kept busy well into the evening. The boys were showered with compliments by the staff and listened to with varying degrees of interest or tolerance by the rest of the school, some boys making the complete tour, which lasted about 15 minutes, three times over. My class did not mind how often they repeated their facts, and got happier and more confident as they went on; finally, every subject from yaws to protein deficiency was being introduced with a beaming smile. Hearing them, I realised some of my mistakes: there were too many figures, and figures can easily get confused. 'The world is covered by two-thirds of sea, no, two-thirds of sea is covered by, no . . .', and so on. A fertilizer plant varied in cost from £2,000 to £2,000 million!

Dramatic ways of presenting news were a good idea: 'Tenpence ha'penny could cure this child of yaws', but over-figurative language was a mistake: 'Every four seconds there are three new mouths to feed – that means babies.' The best explanations were simple ones, which the boys could embroider on. Cyril, from British Guiana, had an interesting variation on the malnutrition problem: it makes children's arms so thin and

bony that there is nowhere to stick the vaccination needle, and so they get bad illnesses. A little Burmese boy still had difficulty with pronunciation: 'Most farmers are very small, and difficult to use tractors on.' One or two boys had too much to say and were not holding their audience, and a few had too little, and were not bothering to do it well.

About ten parents came, ostensibly for the exhibition, usually to see me. But the system forced them to meet the whole class, and perhaps to see their own child in better perspective. I left at about half past six with a small convoy of bikes. It was nice to see the boys so happy, and quite apart from any boosting of morale, they were now interested in an important world problem. What is more, we made 30 shillings – some of which will be spent in following up this interest.

Return to Montenegro

ANTHONY CARSON

On the way to Dubrovnik we had our first picnic between a sort of estuary and a grove of olive trees. The Frenchman and his wife produced tablecloths, cutlery, tins, bottles, baskets, dishcloths, water containers and insect sprays. An hour later there was a huge delicious meal. We had hors d'oeuvres, mussel soup, fish with a perfect sauce, roast duck with peas, crème caramel and cheese, followed by coffee. I never adored Leonie more. She had made an area of the olive grove resemble a smart, modern, hygienic kitchen, and she hated it. I could have gone on forever through sand, water and sun, roofless, eating these meals. 'I hate it', she exclaimed, 'I long for my house, I long for electricity and running water, I long for my cat Lou-lou. Nature is untidy, it sprawls too much'.

'My wife is a pure *bourgeoise*', said Henri, 'she only becomes a savage at nightfall.' He went into frank details of this metamorphosis, shutting his eyes and slapping his chest and thighs. It is an engaging French habit, saving the natives from over-smugness at having invented civilization.

We drove all night over roads so abominable that they were near heartbreak. In the early morning we followed a road which led straight into the sea. We drove back in the direction from which we had come and passed a very old man in a flat cap with the wild-set eyes of the male. He shouted and we stopped. He spoke a few words of German, Italian and French and began pointing. 'Dubrovnik', we shouted. He pointed to the sea. 'On, on, on', he cried with his old, foxed eyes, 'On, on, on Dubrovnik'.

'He's mad', I said.

'Mad as a hatter', said Henri. We charged back up the hill but felt discouraged and turned back, passing the old man who, by now, was waving his stick. We repeated the manoeuvre three times, and there, like a magic formula, there was a ship painted on the violet sea. It had a tall funnel like a funerary top hot and it spewed a tantrum of black smoke. Presently a huge tourist bus arrived.

We waited for hours and then set out across the grape-skin sea. From the opposite shore the inevitable pall of cement-factory smoke hung over the horizon and we smelt sulphur. We disembarked and drove off through a very pretty, neat town. 'Not a single civilized café',

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said Leonie, and wouldn't allow us to stop. Within the car there was a criss-cross of love-hate but it resolved itself, through the perpetual little miracles of travelling. Hours later, after fake alarms, we arrived in Dubrovnik and sat down at a huge café.

It was nothing like Split; it was sparked by a sort of electricity, it had a blush of colour I had never seen before in the country. A young woman passed with a high, decadent, corn-gold wig, tight black trousers, crimson shirt and high heels, vaguely Byzantine in a preserved maze of high intrigue; and I was not surprised when she spoke Croat, instead of the too obvious French. I may, perhaps, seem superficial to assess the soul of a new town after sitting a few minutes in a central café, but, on the other hand, love and death can arrive as quickly. This was indeed, a city on its own with its private powerhouse of nervous force and direction.

I was more convinced of this impression when Henri, Leonie and I visited the old town. I have travelled quite a bit, here and there, but I have never seen anything so quietly beautiful as this. You think of Mozart perhaps. You think of a city sheltered from time, a mislaid dream or hallucination, strangely hidden from the photo-electric eye of the American, the dumpy English, the leathery German, the dancing French. Luckily we found a young man who spoke English, and I asked him if he would show us round a bit of the town, just a bit, because we were heading for Titograd and the Greek frontier. This young man stared at me for quite a time, and I felt a stab of embarrassment. 'What is it?' I asked. 'If you would allow me to say so', he said, 'You have the face of a Montenegrin. The cheekbones and the eyes and the height and something else. I could have sworn it'.

'Perhaps I am a Montenegrin', I said, and I really meant it, because something odd had happened in my father's family. In fact, I almost hoped it.

He took great trouble in showing us around the old city. Everywhere there were those notes of half-remembered music, solidified, pure and luminous, buildings sanctified by all the laws of time and enterprise. Escalades of steps rose to the sky like a fugue between high balconied buildings hanging with the blessed triviliality of washing, and cascading with the trill of canaries. It was Italy, flowered and fiery, but seen through a cool, sober prism. Dubrovnik, indeed, was the last city to be a republic, resisting all invaders. Only recently it ceased to be one, and in a sense it still is.

Unfortunately we had to leave Dubrovnik for Titograd. This meant skirting the coast for a very long time, climbing up in the mountains, and returning to the hallucinating lights of the sea, and up again. There were numbers of small towns, gleaming like pearls on the waterside, rippling with gaiety and nonchalant with a sort of prosperity I had not sensed before anywhere in Yugoslavia. Finally we climbed up a range of mountains, hair-pinning round like a magic corkscrew until the lights of the sea-side towns below seemed to be viewed from an aeroplane. We thought of stopping somewhere not far away from Dubrovnik, but money was running out and we were not certain about the state of our visas – an uncertainty which was proved justified. The good roads petered out, and the old pot-holed chaos was back again. After hours of driving we arrived at a small town with rather a grand hotel, the lights still burning.

We entered the hotel and walked to the reception counter. The interior was quite luxurious and in excellent taste. The receptionist could have been working at the Ritz; he had the exact blending of politeness and scorn essential to his profession. There were quite a number of men in the hall, all dressed in smart but undistinguished suits, the sort of suits worn by small-time farmers in the Dominions, and each man had an important and furtive expression.

'Alas, there is only one room', said the receptionist.

'Could you possibly put in a small bed so that my wife and I can share the room?' asked Henri. 'I am afraid not,' said the receptionist. 'We do not do that sort of thing, particularly since the local party convention is being held here to-night. There must be no suggestion of immorality'.

'Immorality', cried Leonie, 'I'm going to find somewhere to stay in the village at once'.

One of the important-faced young men approached us, and without actually smiling, began to talk quite well in French. 'Forgive me', he said, 'but that is impossible. It is not allowed for foreigners to stay with the natives of the place. They have been warned'.

I remembered the areas, seen like idylls, of pastoral calm and dignity, where the women dressed in the clothes of past centuries, not as some synthetic spasm of folk-culture, but as a poem, a vision, a spell. The shepherdesses walked gravely in front of their docile flocks, their combined school of horse, goat, sheep, donkey and cow, and the old russet women cursed and spat like shrikes from their rattling carts. The rape of such protected mystery could not obviously be far postponed, but it seemed better that it should be.

We left the hotel and drove determinedly on into endless night. Suddenly a beautiful road appeared, rolling straight on over cushions of tarmac, on and on and there were lights blazing, the rosy glow of neon, a town. 'Titograd', we shouted.

Huge white buildings rose to the sky, intersected by rigid avenues. It was a mushroom city, you could still smell the cement. The trees had just been planted. You expected ants or dwarfs. Even at this time of night, about two o'clock, men were sweeping the streets, watering the pavements and the brand new roses. We drove on to a huge hotel, as new as everything else, and entered the hall. An elderly American lady was standing by the hall-porter's desk complaining about hot water. 'There is no room,' said the hall-porter, 'no room at all. There is a convention here. You can sleep here in the lounge. There is no charge'.

In the end Henri and Leonie slept in the car and I slept in the lounge. At five o'clock the flies came in, at six the mosquitos and at seven I was prodded by a broom. 'Time to get up', said a maid with a duster round her head. At least that is what she must have said. But she went on talking and laughing. I got up and walked over to the hall porter. 'What is the maid trying to say to me?' I asked him, with a morning yawn.

'She thinks you're a Montenegrin', he said.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Ten Years Of Henry Moore

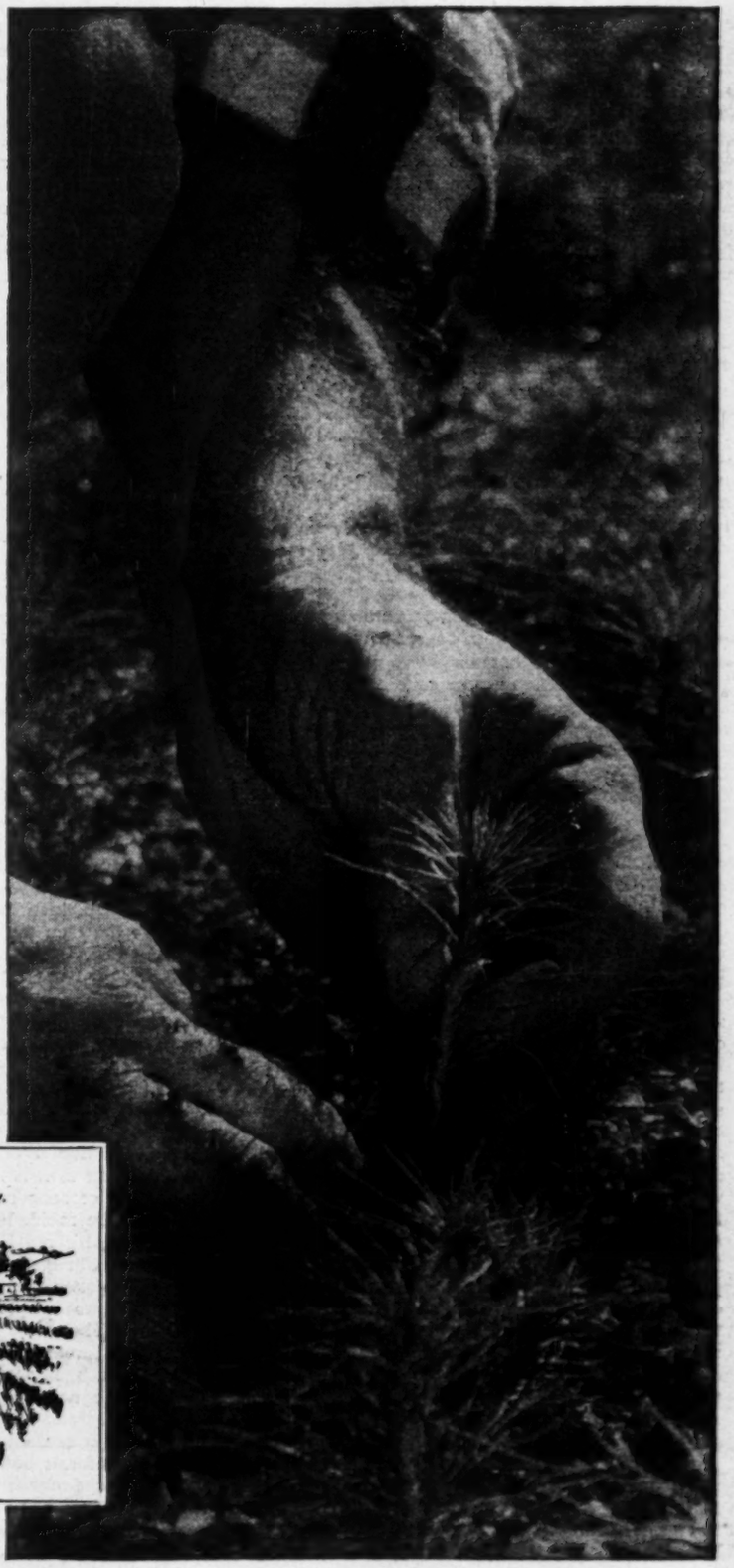
DAVID SYLVESTER

Most modern artists have worked in radically different styles at different times, and some of them have worked in radically different styles at the same time. Their motives for this seem to be rather various. Picasso seems to do it without rhyme or reason, simply as the spirit moves him, and I think it is part of his meaning in doing it that we should never be able to understand why a particular work is in *this* style rather than *that* style: it is as if he were saying that nowadays *all* styles are available to him who knows how to use them, provided the user retains his own identity – and is it not one of the most remarkable features of Picasso's work that, whatever style he is using, his hand is (except in pictures of 1910-14 where it is difficult to distinguish from Braque's) one of the most immediately identifiable in art? He is implying that any style is only as potent as its user can make it, that no style is in itself better or more appropriate than any other, just as his anarchical, iconoclastic use of media and techniques argues that any material is as good as any other. Everything depends on what you yourself make of a style or technique: techniques and styles have no inherent life or authority of their own. Above all, a style has no *meaning* of its own, only the meaning you yourself impart to it at a particular moment.

On the other hand, Henry Moore (a major exhibition of whose sculpture of the last decade is now at Whitechapel, handsomely displayed) seems, as did André Derain, to use different styles simultaneously in a more rational way that defers to the traditional idea that there are things you can and things you cannot do in terms of a given style. I suspect that Derain's choice of style for a particular work – I think that with Derain the process was probably deliberate enough to make it valid to speak of 'choice' – was determined by the subject, that he asked himself which of a number of possible styles – historical styles, though more transformed than is always acknowledged – would be *right* for that kind of landscape or still life or figure-painting – right by association mainly.

With Moore the style doesn't vary with the subject, it varies with the *mood* of the piece (but the mood is in a sense his subject: he has often spoken of conceiving his forms so that they convey a particular feeling-tone – that a certain figure 'should have an austerity and a nobility', that another should look 'like a startled rabbit', that another should express the 'rapacious' side of the infant's feelings about the breast). There is a correspondence between the mood of the piece and its style which doesn't obtain with Picasso. Picasso will, for instance, do a set of variations on a head, each in a different manner, all of which will be, say, tender in feeling or aggressive or troubled. No doubt the shapes which match the feelings – like bland curves for tenderness, angularity for aggression – will recur where the feeling recurs, but this within the terms of each different style, rather as there are explosive words and soft lingering words in different languages. With Moore, however, there is some tendency for every mood to have its style. For example, when, 15 years ago he was simultaneously carving two roughly life-size reclining figures, there was one in stone which was more or less in the tradition of European classicism, and one in

The 100 million tree plant



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wood in which the natural forms were treated arbitrarily, in post-cubist fashion, and were freely tunnelled-into with hollows and holes. To a very slight extent the difference of material could have been responsible, since for technical, structural, reasons Moore has always tended to tunnel more freely into wood than into stone; on the other hand, the wooden figure was much closer in style than was the stone figure to the reclining figure of the late Thirties in the Tate Gallery which is in stone. The real point was, to summarise pretty crudely things Moore said at the time, that the classical figure, which was intended as a memorial statue, was intended to convey a feeling of serenity and repose, the hollowed-out figure a feeling of energy and sexuality.

To some extent Moore's sense of the appropriate in style seems based, like Derain's, on historical associations: the big classical draped seated figures at Whitechapel seem intended to evoke the marbles from the pediment of the Parthenon and all that they in turn evoke. But by and large his sense of style seems less intellectual, more subjective, than Derain's. At all events, the correlation between style and mood seems to work something like this. The style which more or less confines itself to forms which have a plurality of references in the organic world but no dominant single reference (the sort of forms sometimes called 'biomorphic abstract') relates to a sense of the mystery of basic biological phenomena, such as sex, growth, erosion and so on. The humanistic, classical or classicising, style relates to feelings about human dignity, patience, endurance. The strained, angular, contorted style found, for example, in the *Falling Warrior* and the *Pregnant Woman*, relates to feelings and sensations of human energy and action; to desire and violence; to death, not as a state but as an event; and to birth, not as an idea but as an agony.

Now, it seems to me that in each of these styles, no doubt just because each of them corresponds to one particular kind of feeling, Moore's work has a certain incompleteness – that is, an incompleteness in terms of strictly sculptural values, though this matches their one-sidedness of content. The 'biomorphic' style produces incompleteness because it doesn't offer enough that is specific in the way of what the papers call human interest, for all that they are often – as in the huge *Upright Motives* – as mysterious and powerful as such works can be. The 'classical' style produces incompleteness in the sense of a certain thinness of meaning: at first sight they have a remarkable grandeur and generosity of gesture, but this wears thin in the course of an afternoon, leaving one with the feeling that they are merely decorative pieces meant to enhance the amenities of a park or garden. I think this is because Moore's feeling about easeful dignity is rather superficial, that it is more of an idea for him than a reality, that his deeper feelings are concerned with less peaceful areas of experience.

Perhaps because of this, the works in the 'contorted' style seem altogether more authentic and meaningful. What they are about is muscular strain, not as seen from the outside, but as felt within one's own body. Before these works we feel dislocations and convulsions – the muscular sensations of a man who has just had his legs shot from under him, of a woman with a child within her straining to get out. But this extremely powerful expression of physical tensions has been achieved at a certain cost. Considered as sculptural architecture, these works have an incoherence, almost an uncouthness: the price of their engaging us so intensely in a tactile way is that visually they are awkward, as if deformed.

It looks as if Moore himself is aware of the fragmentary character of most of his large output, because there are certain other sculptures in which he seems to have attempted a synthesis of his different styles and with it an interpenetration of their corresponding modes of feeling. Sometimes the result is the unhappy mix-up of styles produced in the *King and Queen*. But in at least three big sculptures, all of them very recent, the *Woman* (a head and limbless torso), and the pair of two-piece reclining figures, he has succeeded superbly in achieving an integration of his styles. Sculpturally, these are the strongest, grandest things he has done; and in content they bring together, oppose and resolve all the several kinds of experience which in the other works exist in isolation. The two-piece figures reiterate his familiar metaphor of woman-as-landscape, but are at once more landscape and more woman than before – just to touch on one of many ways in which these are the most richly contradictory and therefore the most rich of Moore's sculptures.

At the outset of the period covered by this exhibition, Moore seemed to many of his admirers to have his best work behind him. He has more than recovered, and it is inspiring and moving to find that a sculptor labouring under the disadvantages of being an English artist, and a national hero and an international success, is in his sixties doing his finest work.

Society in the Dock

H. A. L. CRAIG

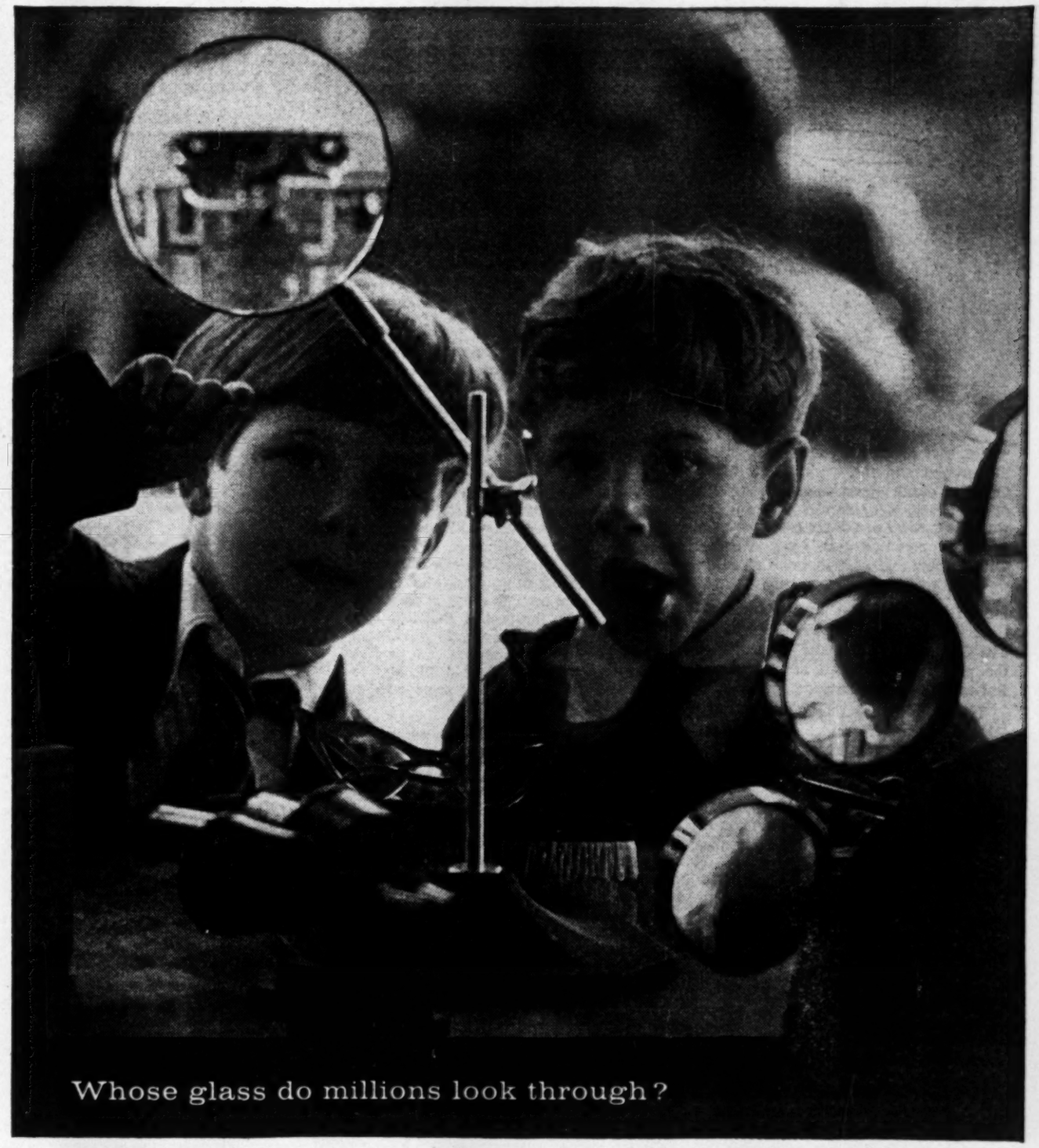
Christopher Logue is a borough poet; he has a world-wide reputation in Kensington and none at all in Marylebone. In some basements if you but blink at his stature, prowess, celebrity, they'll have at your eyes. 'My favourite poets are Wordsworth, Milton and Christopher Logue' was said into these ears – she was very pretty and her hair hung down in ringlets. But once you leave the charmed circle, postal districts SW7, SW3, you'll find them drilling their teeth with the name of Logue. Neither side, proclaimers or disclaimers, are fair to Mr Logue, who has a talent and has shown it in his translations. But is Mr Logue good for himself? The writings advertise the man too blatantly; he accompanies his works too assiduously; he touches that note of self-congratulation which is as bad for poets as for politicians. At present Mr Logue is the Mr Marples of verse. One feels there is a certain amount of organisation behind the reputation.

Yet Christopher Logue has not made himself on nothing. It is a deception to assume that the two plays now at the Royal Court with their egotistical title, *Trials by Logue*, are without merit, just as it is farcical to see in them any height of song or significance. Christopher is still the robin. He hops about close to the ground, his red breast bared – good for a socialist Christmas card. Though it should not be forgotten that once – at the time of Cyprus – he was a little colour flying almost on his own. There was not then anything in England resembling the present outcrying of the French intellectuals against France. Perhaps the necessity was not so great; but it was there, and Mr Logue proved himself true to his 'commitment'. The same need to speak out informs both plays at the Royal Court. But the *Antigone* is so flattened by its heavy, plodding, hob-nail, stamping, size-eleven words that it is hardly sufferable. Boredom so assaulted me, I lost consciousness at it. Mr Logue has managed to curdle a great play, the most modern of all the Greek tragedies, into third-rate commissar rant. He 'speaks out' here with accents crude and slogan. He follows, with neither acknowledgement nor respect, the *Antigone* of Jean Anouilh until in his final 'twist' – letting Antigone walk off – he makes an ass out of the tragedy itself.

But my sneaking affinity with Mr Logue returned at the trial of *Cob and Leach*, his song and knockabout 'satyr-play' following his upright 'tragedy'. Again his writing was clumsy, his imagery often squalid; again he was hitting a riddled target with his flights of cliché; again he was tempted by other men's garments – the great-coat of Brecht – but now also he had his own shirt to wear. *Cob and Leach* is a protest against the sniffing-out and dogging of lovers who must, by circumstance, do their courting rough, in park or doorway. A park is not just a civic amenity, it is a generous patch and a place of holy lock. 'Better', says Mabel Cob, 'a public park than an empty bed'. This isn't, of course, a mighty theme of the didactic drama, except that it's 'the young in one another's arms' who absolutely prove the obscenity of the nuclear weapon – indeed Mr Logue, who cannot leave the implicit alone, had a bomb thrown up at the curtain. He also contradicts himself: *Cob and Leach* is more a socialist play – such as, I imagine, he is seeking to write – than his *Antigone*, which sounds at times like Radio Free Europe blasting. 'Guard, follow that man. Shoot him!' Bang, bang.

Nevertheless, the raucous tensions are given some dramatic force by the producer, Lindsay Anderson. He split Mr Logue's rhetoric down the middle and made planks of it: it was a production that deserved a better play. Also in the leading parts, by Mary Ure and George Rose, there was something saved. As Antigone, Miss Ure was angular, cold, stuck in a Greek frieze, ice to burn us, her self-sufficiency bringing her down, her hair a most wonderful lightning – then, after the interval, her Miss Cob came in, a pouter pigeon but a fighting bird. She was a pleasure to the house. Nor can anyone say he has lost his money at the Royal Court. For Logue's *Antigone* is played before one of the most beautiful sets I have ever seen. Its shape is very simple; a tall, slightly concave form of hammered 'gold', but every inch and stretch of its surface is exciting. It is like a fine work of sculpture seen from the inside. It shows us what Antigone was, the height of her fortitude. It is both Antigone's breastplate and a statement of the brutish, oppressive aspect of Creon. It is by Jocelyn Herbert.

In *The Life of the Party* a bunch of bohemians are gathered around, like Yetis around their own footprints. They squat brooding over their spoors, the rest of the world a waste behind them. They communicate only with themselves; we sit in ranks, hearing them but out of range. Although there



John and Robert Stonehouse have their eyes fixed on a magnifying glass—just the thing for their stamp collection . . . and just one of the millions of pieces of optical glass made in the Chance/Pilkington Optical Works at St. Asaph in North Wales. That's where the glass is made for your spectacle lenses, and for specialised lenses of all kinds . . . snapshot cameras and television cameras . . . microscopes and binoculars . . . glass for all these and many other purposes goes from St. Asaph all round the world. As it does for other specialist use—to make windows through which nuclear scientists can watch their experiments safely protected against radiation. So St. Asaph typifies the whole Pilkington Group—supplying today's needs and serving tomorrow's developments in a way which demands a big company, in every sense.

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News from everywhere

"THE BEST selective foreign news service anywhere in the world . . . " The Observer didn't originate this description of its Foreign News Service. Nor did I. It was first used by one of the most respected political commentators in America. Others, the world over, share his view.

What is there about The Observer's foreign news team that justifies a superlative? It isn't just force of numbers. True, The Observer has men and women in all the places where things are happening. But so have some other papers.

The outstanding thing about The Observer's team is its intelligence, in both senses of the word. These are men and women with a very keen appreciation of international affairs. They are brilliantly well informed on the countries where they live and work. And although what matters about their despatches is the content, their writing technique is as good as ever technique should be.

"The best reporting"

When Patrick O'Donovan was The Observer's American correspondent, he won, twice running, the David E. Bright Award for "The best reporting of the contemporary American scene by any foreign journalist". O'Donovan is now London-based, ready to go on assignments in any part of the world. (His next is to accompany the Archbishop of Canterbury to Jerusalem and Rome.) His place in America has been taken by Cyril Dunn, another member of the team who have helped to make The Observer the foremost Sunday newspaper in Britain.

Do their names ring bells in *your* ear? Crankshaw means "Soviet affairs" to me . . . Millinship says "France" . . . Andrew Wilson stands for "Africa", though this is a new appointment you may not be used to yet. But I don't propose to parade them all before you—it's the sum total that matters. And that is the kind of reporting, shrewd, accurate and more than skin deep, which carries off the unofficial prizes pretty well every Sunday. **J.B.L.**

are two suicides and the party game is 'musical beds', nothing happens. There is no jumping in the action. But Mr Ray Mathew should one day write good plays – the Lyric Hammersmith and Mr Frith Banbury must be applauded for putting him on now – and audience and critics might, perhaps, address themselves to his encouragement. As a first attempt by a very young man there is more in the play than the play gets out. It has one fine part and an actor (Alan Badel) to play it with vigour. Alan Badel is, nonetheless, too good; he displaces more than his own weight, and while he slays us he assassinates every other actor on the stage.

The Gilded West, W. S. Merwin's first play, is a curious throwback, astonishing to find in a theatre as new as the Belgrade, Coventry. The story is Buffalo Bill surrounded by those creeping Indians, the years; his shooting eye shut with age; propped up by his corsets; fighting it out to the last bite of dust. Poor Buffalo is already scalped – he wears a wig for his Wild West Show – and prostrated. Had Mr Merwin written this play seventy years ago, his grandmother would have left him rich. For as theatre it is seventy years back. It has what then it took. A noble actor surrounded by his feeds, plugging the pathos; backing to the walls with a majesty of offended honour: 'You think my price is 50,000 dollars'. The player's the thing. Robert Marsden does it well enough, but it needs better. It needs, in fact, Mr Anew McMaster, the last of the great tourers, who has the looks. He would burst this play at the seams, would cut down the part of Buffalo's light-of-love, Caroline (who is only 20 years back), and give it a roaring simplicity. But then we would see a man called Buffalo Bill. Mr McMaster would walk on that stage with an arrow in his back.

The Old School

FRANCIS NEWTON

In America they would have had it the other way round, but in our tradition-minded country Jazz at the Philharmonic (Festival Hall) respects seniority. Cannonball Adderley's Quintet opened: an up-and-coming group led by a good saxophonist who has made modern jazz palatable to a mass public and is capable of more than he has yet given us. A collection of venerable and famous names closed the show. The most dazzling among them were Jo Jones, a bald extrovert drummer of vast and merited reputation, and unshakable rhythmic reliability, who ought to inspire several new clichés ('light as the touch of Jo Jones brushes'), and Benny Carter. Jazz critics feel about Carter as artists feel about some master of line like, say, Ingres: boundless, but vaguely cool, admiration. This is why he has rarely of late had his full critical due. He stood before us, watching the audience across his alto like a Latin maître d'hotel his dining-room, and blew a single, firm perfectly judged line of sound at us the way a champion skater performs his figures. If Haydn's Prince Esterhazy had ever required a jazz player to liven up his musical entertainments, he might have done worse than choose someone like this cool, gentlemanly, extraordinarily original artist, who last stayed with us before the war, when the NEW STATESMAN did not yet report jazz concerts.

Coleman Hawkins, looking like an ambassador in a vodka advertisement who happens to be holding a tenor-sax, blew like a young man dissatisfied with all previous approaches to the instrument, even to some extent his own; and he practically invented it. This evening it didn't quite come off, but greatness must be saluted. Unlike him, Don Byas did not fight the natural lyricism of the tenor. Roy Eldridge, perhaps below his best, was on trumpet.

The most impressive performers of the evening, technically, were J. J. Johnson who plays the trombone as if it were a trumpet, and the unique Dizzy Gillespie (trumpet), the mystery man of jazz. Nothing is beyond this fantastically talented and intelligent musician, the first *chef d'école* of the modern jazz revolutionaries. Then why is it that his dead contemporary, Charlie Parker, is a legend, and his live co-revolutionary, Thelonious Monk, is once again an acknowledged musical innovator of stature, while Dizzy is merely the most dazzling trumpeter in the world? Why did Miles Davis, who is a beginner on his instrument compared to Gillespie, impress critics and public on his recent British tour as few other visitors have done, while Gillespie merely creates an impression of unsurpassable brilliance? Is it because this extremely reticent and devious artist hesitates to do the one thing which can raise a jazz musician to the very top, to reveal his soul? I do not know. But if ever he were to give us what is in him, a great many prevailing critical judgments would be sharply revised.

The current batch of records brings little that is indispensable or outstanding, except perhaps Philips's *A Billie Holiday Memorial*, which shows us this unique artist in her best period, though not quite at the top of her heartbreaking power, with her usual magisterial accompanists. Folk enthusiasts will welcome *A Treasury of Field Recordings* from Houston, Texas (Dobell's Record Shop, 77-LA-12-2) – the record contains some good sound blues. The Belle Epoque provides us with Fats Waller's irresistible *Handful of Keys* (RCA). Its afterglow pervades Leonard Feather's miscellany *Singin' the Blues* (RCA Camden), *Basie's Basement* (RCA Camden) and the recent recording of Earl Hines, *Earl's Pearls* (MGN). The first echoes of modernism are heard in the impressive *Django – The Unforgettable* (HMV). This extraordinary guitarist remains on this as on all other evidence the only major jazz artist as yet produced by Europe.

Rocket, Fife and Drum

W. JOHN MORGAN

We are all standing in the gutter, as Oscar Wilde put it, but some of us are looking at the stars. It is merely one of Wernher von Braun's distinctions – his life story is told in *I Aim at the Stars* (Leicester Square) – to have brought the stars down into the gutter by his amoral dedication to his engineering craft, by his lack of concern for human values ('you timid half-baked idealists can go jump in the lake'), by his passion for the man in the moon, expressed under two flags. Possibly, though not probably, one wouldn't feel so strongly about this film if there hadn't, in the same week, been a private showing of a Nazi-made film exhibiting the activities of other party members in the Warsaw ghetto, a film thought too horrible for general release.

Mr Lee Thompson, who directed, has told

us: 'Von Braun dreamt of conquering space. I, personally, blame him for allowing circumstances to divert his original purpose. But I am not a scientist and see no reason not to chronicle the facts . . .' Certainly Mr Thompson has made some effort with his US-British-German cast to present the arguments against von Braun, but the debate on the question of the role and responsibility of scientists is conducted so incoherently and the production is so much hampered by a silly sub-plot and a wooden performance by Curt Jürgens, that the film loses its possible serious interest. Particularly vitiating is the use of a journalist whose family was killed in a V2 raid as the voice of reason and sanity. Is one to take it that people who do not regard von Braun as an angel of light, dedicated to the noble cause of science, are themselves occupying a position as self-centred as his own?

The film makes clear that the engineer is dedicated; that he joins the Nazi party largely to help his research; that he wanted Germany to win the war and if, for a while, his rockets reached London instead of the moon – well, the war had to be won if he was going to get to the moon. It is lost nevertheless, and research can better be pursued across the ocean. There he becomes a national hero, 'a fully recovered German' as Mort Sahl puts it. But the defence of this country, too, depends on the product of this man's skill, one must remember. Made with anger and commitment this could have been a good film.

With *Tunes of Glory* (Odeon, Leicester Square) we turn from rocketry and cynicism and look north to the Scots soldiery, to musket, fife and drum. There in a craggy hill-top castle the red-haired Jock Sinclair (Alec Guinness) is celebrating in the extremely well-appointed mess his last night as commanding officer of a battalion he had led through the war. Barrow (John Mills), the new CO, arrives from Whitehall and wishes to put an end to the mess roistering, the savage fashion in which reels are danced, and those battalion traditions which, to his mind, are the sentimentalising of indiscipline. Few of the officers are with him; most sympathise with the now disgruntled Sinclair. But Barrow also has his dream, is equally dedicated to the idea of the regiment. Before he can persuade Sinclair of this, however, affairs have deteriorated to a state of crisis, which flowers into tragedy with snow falling over the bleak landscape and the tunes of glory heard on drum and pipes.

I put the plot in this blurb-like idiom because it seems a pity to be too explicit, it being for once excellent in relating character to action. This is less easy than it sounds when we have to be persuaded of the importance of Sinclair's romantic view of the battalion; that the tunes of glory may be heard at the heart of his drunken crudities and surliness: and even to be persuaded, in this day and age, that a regiment in this situation is susceptible to treatment of this kind. Alec Guinness's performance and that of John Mills, the lonely man among this rough soldiery, help. So do the pipes, although these last, I can quite see, are a matter of taste. Ronald Neame directed and James Kennaway wrote the screenplay from his own, excellent novel. They might have omitted the easy laughs with the sergeant-major, with the tea-boy; while the disappearance of Sinclair's daughter once she'd served her purpose as the *deus ex machina* in her father's crisis creaked a little. But one doesn't want to carp at high-grade entertainment, because if this film isn't another *Paths of Glory* – what film is? – it's a pleasant change from *Kwai* and the years that the stiff upper lips have eaten.

THE LAST POLITE WAR

Sixty years ago the British regular army was fighting in the last war in which glamour and glory were still the keynote, and the combatants for the most part fought with good manners—in South Africa.
The Boer War in 1899 was fought 'to teach the farmers a lesson', but it took many months before peace came—months which sowed seeds of lasting bitterness.
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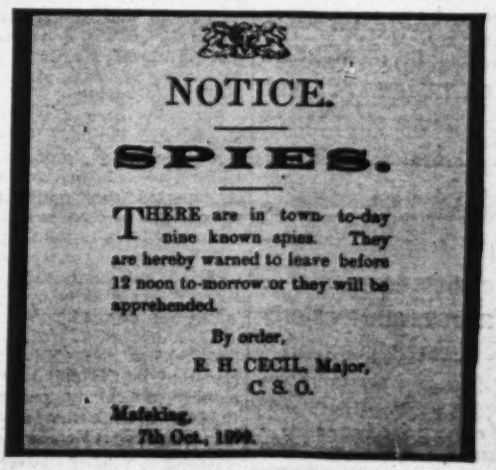
NOTICE.

SPIES.

THERE are in town to-day nine known spies. They are hereby warned to leave before 12 noon to-morrow or they will be apprehended.

By order,
R. H. CECIL, Major,
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Mafeking,
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LADY CHATTERLEY'S TRIUMPH

SIR, – I am sorry to have to pursue Mr Hemming on to his new grounds for complaint about the Church, but I find them as inaccurate as his previous ones. First, to dispose of the old *canard* about St Paul. His teachings are not 'anti-feminine'. The verses, 'There can be no male and female: for ye are all one man in Christ Jesus' (*Galatians*, 3) and 'Husbands love your wives' (*Ephesians*, 5), show that St Paul more than anyone else except Jesus began the thought process which rescued women from the oppression of a patriarchal society. Nor is St Paul 'anti-body'. He uses the human body in 1 *Corinthians*, 12 (including the body's 'uncomely parts') as a simile for the thing dearest to him on earth, the Church. Nor is he 'anti-sex'. He uses the sex-relation in marriage interchangeably with the love of Christ and the Church as the absolute equivalent of this relation. (*Ephesians*, 5). I think that I know the other texts which Mr Hemming has in mind: but until he has studied St Paul more deeply, he would be well advised to keep silence about his thought on sex and marriage.

There is, I fear, one technical point for which the Church's translators must be held responsible and on which Mr Hemming and many other uninstructed people are misled. The 'flesh' in St Paul's thought does not refer simply to sex or bodily desires, but to all the unworthy part of man's nature, such as pride, hatred, selfishness, etc. What Mr Hemming has read in the Articles refers to that kind of sin in general, not to sexual desire in particular.

Lastly, double-talk about sex. Has Mr Hemming yet realised that sex *is* a very ambivalent activity? You can use it selfishly or unselfishly. You can visit prostitutes or be faithful to your wife. You can be celibate or married, happily or unhappily. My experience as a priest and a marriage guidance counsellor makes me realise that Mr Hemming's delightfully naïve 'positive joyous guilt-free but responsible' ideal is not so easily attained as all that, and that the Church is right to remind people that you can either make or mar your life with this great power. The Bible as a whole, however, is on the side of Mr Hemming, but with perhaps a little more realism than he exhibits.

ALFRED JOWETT

The Vicarage
60 Thorne Road
Doncaster

TAWNEY'S PURITANISM

SIR, – I am very grateful to Crossman for having picked out so many gems, all of them very relevant to the existing situation in the world and in the Socialist movement, from the mass of gems in Tawney's writings. I hope they will induce many Socialists, old and young, to read or re-read those writings.

But why does Crossman call Tawney a 'Cromwellian Puritan'? His Socialism is certainly, as Crossman says, 'profoundly religious', but as a liberal-minded Anglican Catholic, his religion is far removed from 'puritanism', Cromwellian or otherwise. And there is certainly nothing in the puritan tradition to justify speaking of Tawney's case for subjecting irresponsible economic power to democratic control and ensuring that public service takes priority over private spending' as 'puritanism of this kind'.

Of course all Christian Socialists hold that that is how the Christian religion must be expressed in the economic sphere, but there's nothing particularly 'puritan' about this view. In fact, I think that another great Christian Socialist, Stewart Headlam, was rather nearer the truth, historically, when, about 50 years ago, he spoke of 'the puritan, whose only permitted pleasure is money-making: the puritan, with his back to the theatre and his face to the money market'. There is a good deal of justification for this view (even if there was some exaggeration in Headlam's way of expressing it) in Tawney's own remarkable book, *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*.

R. WOODIFIELD

3 Gilling Court
Belsize Grove, NW3

THE POLARIS DEBATE

SIR – However carefully one reads Alastair Buchan's marathon letters one cannot see what he intends to prove, although one can immediately see what he *does* prove. He makes it clear that between the two warring nuclear powers there would be a common policy regarding Britain. Britain, together with eastern Europe, would have to be blotted out before the contest proper could be joined. His remark that crediting 'the Russians with the intention of launching a "bolt from the blue" surprise attack . . . without warning or provocation' requires a premise which he himself scornfully discounts is shattering – in its context – for if the USSR were to attack it would *have* to be *such* an attack, and if it does not intend to attack then that leaves only the USA.

When he speaks of wasting 'an expensive missile on an empty depot ship' one wonder how he would go about destroying a wasps' nest – from personal experience I would suggest that chasing the individual wasps is way down the list!

As to whether or not the US believes that it can draw Soviet bombing attacks onto Britain, I do not notice any influx of US Services dependants *into* Britain. Someone, if not the Institute of Strategic Studies, seems to know that allowing oneself to become a catspaw means that one must expect to be treated as a most important part of the cat: one would think that in all the time it spends Strategically Studying, Mr Buchan's Institute would have come up with such a simple fact.

KEN GEERING

Den's Barn Farm
Lindfield
Sussex

TELEVISION RESEARCH

SIR, – Mr Tom Driberg in his article 'Where Your Treasure Is' on 19 November, alleges that the ITA is under the BBC 'umbrella' regarding technical research and development in broadcasting. He can be excused for drawing that conclusion from the BBC Annual Report.

It is quite true that the BBC run a large and efficient Research Department which has made many useful contributions to the BBC's operation, but until the ITA came on the scene, this 'user-developer' scheme has been of little help to manufacturers in the export field. As the independent programme companies mainly rely on equipment manufacturers for development and research, British television equipment manufacturers are now better able to meet world market requirements as a result of the greater requirement of the home market.

It is common practice in many industries for manufacturers to carry out most of the development and research work. Perhaps it is for this reason that in recent years the most important television developments (such as magnetic tape recordings, colour systems, etc) have originated in the US where development is almost entirely in the hands of the manufacturers.

The independent programme companies keep in close touch with the manufacturers and continually co-operate with them on new developments. This liaison between manufacturer and operator works to the benefit of both. The independent companies have made some major contributions to the technique of broadcasting. The development of new television studios (the largest individual television studio belongs to one of the independent companies), the pioneering of certain other television equipment such as standard con-

verters and several other technical improvements have been the direct result of work by the independent television companies.

Last, but not least, several of the independent companies are making considerable contributions to important research schemes at universities.

PAUL ADORIAN

Associated-Rediffusion
Television House, WC2

POLES AND GERMANS

SIR, – Thank goodness John Mander eventually comes to the heart of the matter with the admission that the West must acknowledge the Oder-Neisse line as the permanent Polish-German frontier. However, in the light of recent history it is not at all surprising that the Poles dislike the Germans rather more than the Germans dislike the Poles! -

Grist for Polish anti-(West)-German propaganda is only too easy to find. The most casual traveller on the Deutsche Bundesbahn can scarcely fail to notice that on maps in the railway carriages former German possessions east of the Oder-Neisse line are still marked *Unter polnischer Verwaltung*. Only the acknowledgement of this frontier both by the West and by the West German government can put an end to such inherent yearnings for the re-establishment of the German Reich.

Finland (a nation certainly as hard done by as Germany) hardly expects ever to recover her lost Karelian provinces from Russia, but then such romantic aspirations have never received tacit support from the Finnish government, nor has Finland any allies in the West.

The mass expulsion of population after the 1939-45 war was a barbaric anachronism designed largely to settle certain European frontier issues for ever. We cannot afford that these aims should go unfulfilled merely because this fact has never been clearly explained to the German public.

ADRIEN HEIGHO

The Swedish School of Economics
Helsinki
Finland

SCHOOLS IN CEYLON

SIR, – What a shocker your comment on the schools' take-over in Ceylon (NEW STATESMAN, 12 November) is! When you say that the Assisted Schools and Training Colleges (Special Provisions) Bill was 'a sop to extremist Buddhist elements', are you aware that the Bill can be justified on strictly educational grounds which have nothing to do with any religious interest? To be objective, you should at least have mentioned the following facts.

(1) That under the system of education (created by the right-wing United National Party government) that Ceylon has had up to now, the state, while bearing the cost of education in assisted schools, left their administration in the hands of denominational bodies which were not responsible to the people.

(2) That the denominational system of education is wasteful of Ceylon's scanty resources of teachers and funds for education. While educational facilities have been multiplied in the towns (owing to competition by different religious bodies) large numbers of peasant children have been starved of schools, equipment and qualified teachers. No real equality of opportunity is possible without central state planning and distribution of educational resources according to needs.

(3) That denominational education tends towards the segregation of children in religious groups, and is therefore socially undesirable.

As for the religious issue, you are either unaware or do not think it necessary to mention that, owing to the privileges accorded them in colonial times, the Christian religious bodies, whose adherents are a small minority of the population, have up to now received the greater share of grants from public funds. Far from

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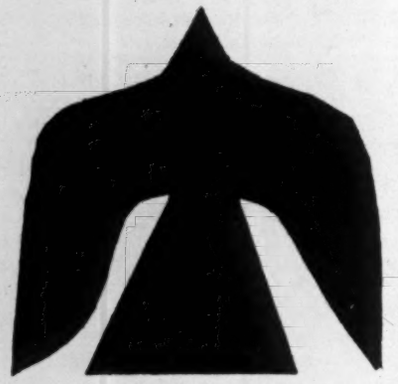

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being 'a repressive measure that has been adopted against a minority,' therefore, the Bill seeks to end a situation that outrages democratic principle.

R. SIRIWARDENA

22 Edinburgh Crescent
Colombo 7

SWAZILAND ORANGES

SIR, – Though the manoeuvre of labelling South African oranges 'Swaziland' had not been brought to our attention, our own research has revealed a number of other ways by which South African goods are being disguised in this country to beat the boycott. Readers supporting the boycott – as we hope all of them do – may find the following information useful:

(1) Oranges are being sold without the 'Outspan' stamp, sometimes labelled 'Valencia'. The shopkeeper can tell their origin from the box or wrapper.

(2) Canned goods, previously marked South African, are being marked 'Empire' or 'Commonwealth Produce' – some of the biggest brands have resorted to this evasion.

(3) South African eggs are being marketed by at least one well-known chain-store as Imported, next to Danish and New Zealand eggs marked with the country of origin.

We have made inquiries from the High Commissioners of all main Commonwealth countries competing with South Africa on the British market and have been assured in each case that their produce is always marked with the country of origin. We are, therefore, asking the public, before buying any goods not marked with the country of origin, to make absolutely sure that they are *not* South African.

At present on the market, apart from oranges, lemons and grapefruit, are apples, avocado pears, onions, passion fruit; grapes, peaches and plums will follow early in the New Year. We are now embarking on a pledge campaign for New Year resolutions not to buy South African goods until *apartheid* comes to an end.

ROSALYNDE AINSLIE
Organising Secretary
The Anti-Apartheid Movement
200 Gower Street, NW1

PROFESSOR TUCHOLSKY'S FACTS

SIR, – Journalist reputations fade quickly. Kurt Tucholsky was perhaps the wittiest Jewish journalist not only of Weimar Germany but of modern times, but few present-day readers of the NEW STATESMAN could be aware of this. Would it therefore not have been more helpful to explain that 'Professor Tuholsky's Facts' in your issue of 26 November was an adapted translation, with one or two current references, of Kurt Tucholsky's little piece, 'Der Mensch', first published in 1931.

T. R. FYVEL

5 Cambridge Gate, NW1

[Christopher Logue writes: I hoped that the title I chose was adequate acknowledgement to Kurt Tucholsky, who *prose* work 'Der Mensch' I translated, adapted, modernised and made into what I believe to be a poem. – Ed., *NS.*]

BEVAN MEMORIAL LECTURE

SIR, – May I make it known to your readers that the New Left is instituting, in tribute to the memory of Nye Bevan, a series of annual lectures to be known as the Aneurin Bevan Memorial Lectures and to be held each year immediately prior to the Labour Party conference. The character of these lectures is envisaged as twofold: a permanent contribution to Socialist thought and a reflection of the attitudes taken by the left wing of the Labour movement to current political developments; and it is intended to publish each lecture subsequently in pamphlet form in our series of New Left publications.

Because of the issues involved in the debates and resolutions at party conference this year, it was decided on this occasion to postpone the inaugural lecture until later in the year, and Michael Foot has accepted our invitation to initiate the series at the Conway Hall on Friday 9 December at 8 pm.

May we further hope that this occasion will create an opportunity for all sections of the Labour movement to gather in respect to the memory of Nye Bevan, thereby demonstrating and re-affirming the fundamental solidarity and unity of the British Labour movement to whose tradition and ideals so much of his life was devoted.

SHEILA BENSON

7 Carlisle Street, W1

TRANSLATION

SIR, – After reading the first paragraph only of the fascinating article on translation in your current number I tried my hand on the example given: *'La souveraine habilité consiste à bien connaître le prix des choses'*. All I could achieve was: 'Supreme competence lies in ability to count the cost'. But, on reading further, I thought a truer if more free paraphrase would be Oscar Wilde's 'The realist knows the cost of everything but the value of nothing', which goes on: 'The idealist knows the value of everything but the cost of nothing'. This is as near as another language and another century can get.

If weakness of German and if memory may be trusted, there is a fine translation by Strodtmann:

Es fällt der Strahl auf Burg und Thal
Und schneeige Gipfel, reich an Sagen;
Viel Lichter wehn auf blauen Seen,
Bergab die Wasserstürze jagen!
Blas, Hüfthorn, blas, in Widerhall erschallend;
Blas, Horn, antwortend, Echos, hallend,
hallend, hallend

(Tennyson: *'The splendour falls'*).

E. F. CARRITT

Farnham Common
Bucks

SIR, – Mr Norman Denny, in his sparkling essay on the art of translation, rightly complains about the verbosity of some German writers. His first example, however, is less than reasonable, and by creating a false climate he vitiates much of what follows. His translation of La Rochefoucauld's maxim, to which I am referring, cannot only be 'done better', as he writes – it is pure caricature. Why the *nämlich* for which there is no counterpart in the French text? Why the dependent clause? Why not, for example, *'Die höchste Kunst besteht darin, den Wert der Dinge fein zu kennen'*? I would not claim for one moment that this could not be improved, but it is a more normal translation than that offered by Mr Denny. Incidentally, it contains 12 words only.

H. G. ALEXANDER

56 North End House, W14

THOMAS BURKE AND LIMEHOUSE

SIR, – I always enjoy Maurice Richardson, but I must put him right about my old friend Thomas Burke, who knew London better than anyone since Dickens. Burke wrote *Limehouse Nights* as a fairy-tale, an English Arabian Nights. It was enormously popular, and so was *Broken Blossoms*, an early tear-jerker film based on it. In 1930 Burke wrote an excellent factual book about East London called *The Real East End*, where I went to live for several years whilst I was illustrating it.

'But you'll see,' he prophesied over a pint at the old *Steam Packet*, 'People won't believe the truth when you tell it them. They all prefer twopence coloured.'

PEARL BINDER

1 Grays Inn Square, WC1

CHRISTMAS BOOKS – II

Blunderbuss in the Umbrella Stand

MARGARET LANE

Is it really 100 years that *Mrs Beeton* has been on the kitchen shelf? Yes indeed, and still holding her own with a firm, ladylike touch, in spite of the great mass industry of modern cookery-book production, in spite of dieting, luncheon vouchers, frozen food, the price of beef and the disappearance of those inexhaustible Victorian servants to whom she devoted so many humane if subtly authoritarian paragraphs.

She is only barely recognisable today. Gone are those engraved coloured plates of Gothic blancmanges, the shallow dishes of roasted rabbits like beheaded babies, the towering *épergnes* dripping with muscats and smilax which would have done credit to the Veneerings' dinner table. Instead we have colour photographs of glistening roasts (painted with glycerine in the studio, I am told) and hundreds of plain photographs of capable hands rolling pastry, larding veal, filleting fish, trussing fowls, dressing crabs, clarifying fat and performing all the mysteries of the kitchen with a patient lucidity which enables almost any fool to follow them.

The great improvement, indeed, of 100 years on Mrs Beeton's original *Household Management** is in the illustrations. The early engravings are charming but inexplicit; her fish and meat look like the dolls-house food which Tom Thumb and Hunka-Munka put into the kitchen range, and her puddings are one and all like Salisbury Cathedral. Whereas now, turning the pages, one's jaws drip; Isabella Beeton would have approved of colour photography.

At such a size, too (the new volume weighs as much as a picnic ham) the great work has sacrificed the personal touch. Mrs Beeton was a young married woman, not 29 when she died, who had learned housekeeping the hard way, by earnest experience, and dedicated her energies and those of her publisher husband to smoothing the path of the Victorian bride and ensuring a happy home for the Victorian husband. 'No amount of love, of beauty, or of intelligence,' she wrote, 'will make home life happy without "right judgment" on the part of the housewife. A woman must rule her household, or be ruled by it; she must either hold the reins with a tight, firm hand, never parting with, but seldom using, the whip; or . . . the hard-working husband is placed, by his wife's indolence, under the control of his domestics, and has to depend upon their honesty and zeal alone.' Her advice is sometimes intimidating, always sound. The novice is urged to discipline, yet never to forget for a moment that she is a lady.

Life is not necessarily more complicated now than then; in some ways it is simpler. We eat less; there is not always a nursery-maid or footman to be managed, and the present editors refrain from giving instruction in good breeding. Even the chapter on Etiquette has a man-to-man, do-it-yourself air, as though meeting royalty or addressing an archbishop were an accident that might happen to the best of us. Yet here and there, if not in precisely her self-confident cool tone, the authentic voice of Mrs Beeton is still heard:

> Friendships should be developed gradually and not be rushed into. In many ways it is a pity the old habit of formal calls and leaving of cards is less regarded nowadays, as the greater formality of social relationships did allow a testing time for new acquaintances, which is very necessary, and which nowadays may need some tact to engineer.

It may indeed, and leisure as well as tact is noticeably scarce. It is not only our kitchens and our eating habits that have changed.

With the new edition I now have four *Mrs Beetons*. The first, undated, was published in her lifetime, and the chapters on servants are some of my favourite reading. Anyone who is puzzled by the disappearance of the old-fashioned 'general' has only to turn to her Routine for the General Servant and they will clearly understand why. My next is the one my mother married with; it still has the beautiful inedible old colour plates and is a little gravy-stained; we do not use it today. The third is my own bridal volume, still much respected, as sensible and economical as ever (for it is a libel, as Nancy Spain pointed out in her biography of Mrs Beeton, to accuse her of extravagance; she never said 'First catch your hare' or dreamed of beginning a recipe with 'Take twenty eggs . . .'). But I have long since given up trying to fold table napkins, following its Pythagorean diagrams, into the Flat Sachet, the Mitre, the Pyramid, the Rose and Star, the Cockscomb, Fleur de Lys, the Boar's Head or the Bishop. The present edition is better printed, better illustrated and easier to read than any of its predecessors. If there is a criticism to be made, it is that it attempts too much. Nobody wants to know about the whole of life (chilblains, marriage, bodylice, furnishing with antiques, etc) from one volume.

Perhaps the most striking fact which emerges from a comparison between the early editions and the new is the change in our eating habits. Mrs Beeton's was by no means the first of the Victorian cookery-books; it was simply, being so practical and comprehensive, the most successful; and if one looks at some of the works available to her when she married, one can see at once her status as a pioneer.

The other day I opened a little-known volume called *What Shall We Have For Dinner?* It was published when Isabella Beeton was 16; it was written under a pseudonym, Lady Maria Clutterbuck, and was the sole literary production of Mrs Charles Dickens. It consists almost entirely of dinner menus, designed for two, four, six and up to 24 persons, offers no advice, contains only a handful of recipes, and gives a terrifying picture of Victorian hospitality. It is easier to understand Jane Carlyle's nasty remarks about the vulgarity of Dickens's dinner parties when one has studied these bills of fare.

When entertaining, the Victorian table was expected to groan; the status symbol was a superfluity of dishes. Every course must offer at least an alternative, and nobody shrank from sickening repetition. For a little dinner for eight or ten persons Mrs Dickens recommends three soups, four fish dishes, 11 separate dishes of meat and game, three different cream puddings and a savoury. When lobsters are in season she offers boiled salmon with lobster sauce *and* filleted lobster for the first course, lobster cutlets in the second, and, after the usual three puddings and a savoury, lobster salad. Mrs Beeton did much to break down the habits of ostentation at the table, and of over-eating. She was an enemy to waste, doing much to pave the way for reasonable catering.

The disgrace of the potato is a modern phenomenon, unthought of 100 years ago, when nearly everyone, man, wife and maiden aunt, was stout at 40. In nearly all of Mrs Dickens's family menus potatoes appear in at least two distinct guises, usually 'mashed and browned' – a practice I have encountered only once in my life, when I dined years ago with a Conservative MP in his chambers in the Temple. He had an aged cook who had waited on single gentlemen all her life, and the potatoes came up in the grand Victorian mode, mashed and roast, in covered silver dishes.

Suet and starch are two other modern casualties, figuring largely in Mrs Beeton's early work, as in Mrs Dickens's. (The two dishes of potatoes accompanying the Dickens roast will be followed by suet roll, with macaroni as a savoury.) Men in particular, I believe, feel this as a loss; it is unusual to find a man who does not grow eloquent over the memory of roly-poly, and wives are taunted with the glories of suet puddings still daily consumed, apparently, in the City.

But the tide of taste has set against these die-hards, and the stupefying puddings of our childhood are in disgrace. Who now without a qualm serves rice pudding at a dinner party, or sets batter pudding, bread-and-butter pudding or tapioca before a teenage family? The new *Mrs Beeton*, it is true, has a full-bodied chapter on Boiled Puddings, but they are outnumbered by the fruit salads, jellies, ice-cream and sponge-cake confections which seem to lie more easily on our conscience. It is possible to hunt long and earnestly through the original *Mrs Beeton* without finding even the men-

**Mrs Beeton's Cookery and Household Management. Ward Lock. 50s.*

tion of a salad; Mrs Dickens knows only one, sliced beetroot (starch again), though her toasted cheese is accompanied by 'water cresses'. The eating of raw food, it seems, is an eccentricity of our time, and the new *Mrs Beeton* caters for it handsomely with over 100 salad recipes. In 1860 no one felt guilty about vitamins.

All in all, the centenary *Mrs Beeton* has tried heroically to bridge the generations. The dieter and the reactionary suet-lover are both catered for, the vegetarian treated respectfully, though one senses a slight hostility to Vegans. (After all, if you can't cook *anything*, what is to happen to the compilers of cookery books?)

Everyone has a favourite authority in the kitchen: Constance Spry for me, for high-class practice, with Dorothy Hartley's *Food in England* for really nourishing reading – a profound work this, too little known, full of the history, lore and art of traditional cooking. But family life requires also *Mrs Beeton;* she is in our blood by this time, and there are too many pert, 'amusing' and frivolous cookery books about for one's everyday liking. She remains an experienced and practical aunt in the home circle, invaluable in spite of occasional absurdities.

The absurdities, after all, are remarkably few. I complain of only one, which is the attempt to cover every aspect of life with at least one token chapter. I quote from the section on 'Furnishing With Antiques', since 'It is impossible to live with an object of beauty and not be subtly improved by the contact.' All very well, agreed, but see what follows:

> A copper kettle at the turn of the stairs, Victorian colour prints on the walls, a tea service made up from oddments of fine old porcelain cups and saucers picked up here and there, a blunderbuss in the umbrella stand and a copper jelly-mould upside down on an occasional table made from a small old beer-barrel suitably repainted, a cartwheel from a farmyard with candle-lights fixed and suspended from the ceiling as a chandelier, a Pontypool tray for the tea-set . . . all are a challenge to the wits and a lasting delight and the envy and emulation of friends.

I know what they *mean.* At least I think so. But I don't believe Mrs Beeton would have approved of it.

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An authoritative survey of the development of international cinema from the earliest days, with 466 illustrations. 35s.

VISTA BOOKS

The Skull Beneath the Charm

With Love. By MAURICE CHEVALIER. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

It's Great to be Young. By CLIFF RICHARD. *Souvenir Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Operation Elvis. By ALAN LEVY. *Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Maurice Chevalier was little older than Cliff Richard is now when he first kissed Mistinguett, most important of many lovers who flit, rather two-dimensionally, through his life-story. It was during a rehearsal of a comic turn at the Folies-Bergère, they were rolled up together inside a rug – 'and suddenly my lips were pressed against hers, there in the dark and confining world of the carpet. Passionately, demandingly . . .' etc. She was then 13 years older than he.

By the time she was 60 and he a Hollywood star, he was embarrassed when photographers caught her with him at a night-club. He last saw her when she was past 80. When she died, he wrote an obituary apostrophe containing these lines: *Tu as été ma femme, ma maîtresse, ma plus grande amie. Tu as aimé ma mère* . . . and one feels that these titles to his regard are in ascending order of importance; for Chevalier, born in 1888, youngest of a Paris working-class family, speaks with truest feeling of his 'gentle, sweet, adored mother', and hated his 'mean, loud', drunken father.

His greatest asset, his 'charm' may be only skin-deep; for his marriage, and most of his affairs, seem to have ended in wistful frustration or in ugly scenes. In old age he has enjoyed a new triumph, in the film *Gigi* and what may be called the theme-song of the *Lolita* syndrome, 'Thank heaven for little girls'. He is not ashamed to confess a fear of feeling 'senile jealousy'; but his memoirs describe his affairs with pre-Chatterley reticence, in such phrases as 'a magnificent blur of passion', and give blurred intimations, too, of the tensions behind the radiant grin, beneath the rakish straw boater.

Tensions there were. Soon after witnessing the execution of a man who had once been kind to him (well-described, save for clichés – the thud of the guillotine-blade is 'sickening', and his sweat 'cold'), Chevalier had a mental breakdown. This is also well-described: 'the sensation that my brain was trying to escape . . . had become an urgent struggle . . . I felt it would burst my skull open . . . and the terrible conviction hit me that my blood was circulating backwards'. His girl-friend (Simone, then) tactfully said: 'Tell me something, *chéri.* By any chance are you going mad?'

Chevalier is a political innocent. On 1 September 1939, lunching with the Windsors, he was convinced that there wouldn't be a war (but the Duke was called to the telephone and returned looking 'taut and grim'). The most interesting part of *With Love* explains how it came about that he was accused of collaboration (a charge of which he was later, but slowly, cleared). Perhaps foolishly, but worried about his current girl-friend and her Jewish parents, whom he was sheltering on the Riviera, he yielded to pressure, went back to sing in occupied Paris, and was asked by a reporter: 'What do you think of Marshal Pétain?' Gropingly, he replied that he was 'against war' and for 'understanding between people' – a sentiment headlined as his endorsement of Franco-German collaboration. 'From that moment', he says, 'I was a man walking on eggs'; but he still agreed to sing at a prison-camp in Germany – on condition that ten Frenchmen were released from it. He was denounced by the Free French radio in London; but in the liberation parade Louis Aragon insisted on marching with him. Years later, under McCarthyism, he had American visa trouble for having signed the Stockholm peace petition!

No such complications have beset the careers of Elvis Presley (25), juke-box idol of rock 'n' roll, and the most original of his British followers, Cliff Richard (20); and their lives, so far, seem of sociological rather than psychological interest. (Presley seems less of a 'mixed-up kid' than Chevalier. One of his gnomic dicta is 'Why buy a cow when you can get milk through the fence?') As Mr Levy points out, 1956 was the year of Suez, Eisenhower's re-election, and Presley's most seminal song, 'You ain't nuthin' but a hound-dog'. But *Operation Elvis* is mainly a factual account of the two years of army service which cost Presley $100,000 a month in loss of income and the USA $500,000 a year in loss of taxes – and I don't know how much for the thousands of army man-hours spent in pretending he was just another GI.

If an electronic robot could be taught to shake its pelvis, it would be indistinguishable from Presley. Perhaps because Britain is not yet completely Americanised, Cliff Richard is a much more natural and unspoiled human being. His Palladium dressing-room sofa is stacked high with each day's fan-mail; on about half the envelopes he is spelt Richards, many are pathetically marked 'Personal'. His worst worry, indeed, is simultaneously to appease and to dodge his fans. Sometimes he leaves the theatre in dark spectacles, hat over ears – and, running to the car, 'I get out my handkerchief and blow madly.' They still scream 'Oh, Cliff!' – and, he adds, in his rather deep, bubbling voice, 'to me, this is *more* embarrassing, being reckernised looking like a fool.' (Fortunately, he lacks the extravert's fatal *bonhomie.*) As he has at least 15,000 organised fans, mostly in the 'official' club but some in a breakaway club which the Master does not proscribe, his book should have a large loyalist sale. It reads exactly as he talks, which is not surprising, since he talked much of it on tape and an (unnamed) demi-ghost then assembled it.

Chevalier's ghosts are named: his book is 'as told to Eileen and Robert Mason Pollock', and a competent job, with a good index, they have made of it (though for page after page I thirsted for semi-colons).

But what is behind the gloss of such idols?

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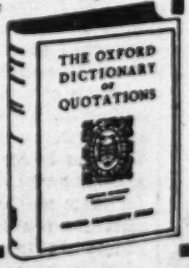

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Are their ghosts the ghosts of empty masks? Is there, as one suspects, a Narcissus in every star? There is surely one in every Casanova: hence the unsatisfying affairs. Chevalier could never say, as Richard said last week on radio, so astonishingly and perhaps, at 20, so tragically: 'I've done everything I could possibly want to do, and possibly that anyone could want to do . . . I got a gold disc . . .'

TOM DRIBERG

All the Facts

Nature: Earth, Plants, Animals. Edited by JAMES FISHER and SIR JULIAN HUXLEY. *Macdonald.* 45*s.*

Discovery and Exploration. By FRANK DEBENHAM. *Paul Hamlyn.* 42*s.*

Here are two elegant picture-books, the products of teams of writers, illustrators and research associates, introduced by eminent men, and sold at moderate prices, considering their size and number of illustrations. They are easy on the eye, if rather heavy on the knee, and contain lots of facts, accurately recounted. What are they trying to do? Who is going to benefit from having acquired them?

According to the blurb, *Nature* is a volume in 'a library of knowledge for the family'. This conjures up the sort of never-never-land family life created by the admen. Dad, smiling toothily past his pipe, is asked by his son: 'What's an osteoblast, Dad?' 'I don't know, Jim, but let's look it up together in *Nature*'. Mother and daughter smile their approval. Then they all learn that an osteoblast is a 'bone-forming cell' and that's another bird's egg, so to speak, in the collection. I'm not quite certain why I remain unimpressed by such an apparently desirable situation. Do I believe that it would be a good thing if we all knew some biology? Ye-es. Would this book help us to do so? Yes indeed. Well, what's wrong?

I think the trouble is that *Nature's* target is too wide. Books aren't read by 'the family', they're read by men and women and boys and girls, and at any one time any one book is usually read by one person. What's a good biology book for me is not only not necessarily, but almost necessarily not, a good biology book for my 15-year-old nephew or my seven-year-old son.

There's a tendency to overrate such a book as this when one flips through it. When I did just this to *Nature*, my first reaction was to say 'wonderful!' Moreover, I saw some pictures of rocks, and noted that two different kinds of rock, of which I only knew the names, were in fact closely related to one another and were both examples of something else. Excellent, I said to myself, now you really have learned something. But as you see, I hadn't. It's gone again. If I really want to get some notion of what the biologists are about, I'd rather read some account of particular problems, as for example in *Science Survey*, which I reviewed here recently. This might be more difficult, but it would stick better.

Children, on the other hand, seem to absorb facts readily. This is perhaps because they prize them for their own sakes. Later, facts are usually facts *for* something: facts for power, facts for illustration, facts for systemisation, facts, alas, for confirming previously held opinions. Scientists, more than most people, must retain an enthusiasm for facts, but even they don't work on purely Baconian lines. They collect facts, not like stamp-collectors, but in order to achieve a systemised view of experience, in correspondence with the facts. The important facts may well be those which *don't* fit the current system, but they still aren't considered in isolation. It is true that in *Nature* an attempt is made to draw the facts together, but I don't think that on this scale it can be a satisfying one to an adult mind, whereas there's rather too much here for most children.

The illustrations and their captions are designed to complement the text, which looks fine superficially, but makes reading difficult. A tendency to try to read the text with one eye and the illustrations with the other has to be resisted. But I shouldn't carp too much. After all, if you do need an accurate, modern, readable, illustrated account of geology, general biology, evolution and ecology, with a detailed classification of plants and animals (bacteriophyta to artiodactyla) and a glossary of natural history terms (acetyl choline to zygote) – then *Nature* is the book for you.

The same line of criticism is applicable, but less severely, to *Discovery and Exploration*, which is a less pretentious and perhaps more successful book. It gives a broad account of all the explorations of the world by the European peoples. It is comprehensive, and there is a collection of maps and brief accounts of the travels of about two hundred individual explorers. The illustrations are particularly well chosen, and the maps are very clearly done. A good present for a fact-gathering boy. Again, however, I think that for some real awareness of exploring, as distinct from a knowledge of the facts, one should read a detailed account of particular voyages.

T. L. COTTRELL

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The Economist

Illustrated 25s net

Julia, and Points East

Eastern Windows. By F. D. OMMANNEY. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

The Flowery Sword. By ETHEL MANNIN. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Traveller in the Orient. By MARTIN HÜRLIMANN. *Thames & Hudson.* 3 *gns.*

Julia . . . Talk about the liquefaction of her clothes! As she rises and goes her royal way, her splendid breasts shimmering with glass beads, you think of a great ship in full sail. Or rather, that's what Dr Ommanney thinks of. But Julia's language is strictly of the people. Having picked clean a fried chicken bought for her by Dr O. she wipes her fingers on a paper napkin, flashes her gold teeth, and belches: 'That was bloody good. Bye-bye.' Maisie, another of the girls of Bugis Street in Singapore, is scarcely less alluring, with her short, sleek hair, her black ear-rings and her crimson fan. But her feet are a trifle large, and she is woefully flat-chested. When you get to know her better you discover why. For the point about Maisie is that she isn't a girl at all.

This is not to infer that Dr O., during his seven years in Singapore and Hong Kong, was only concerned with the seamy side. But he did want to see the best of everything, and everybody, and though he sometimes had to hold his nose while he looked for it, he usually found it. He simply relished the excitements of life. Besides, he was curious, modest, humane, and above all generous. When he visited the British Army he was more at home in the sergeants' mess than in the officers'; and if he was ever happier than when pricking the pompous and puncturing the stuffy, it was when he was putting bureaucratic backs up.

As a bureaucrat himself, Director of Fisheries Research, he must have been an endearing, as well as infuriating, person to have around. Treading delicately between the role of *tuan*, for which he had faint nostalgic hankerings, and that of enlightened liberal, for which all his instincts equipped him, he straddled the uneasy *entr'acte* between Empire and Independence, wryly watching, quietly chuckling but never really regretting.

All the more tragic that everything was a failure. When he arrived in the East he hopefully searched for some spiritual mystique, but it eluded him, though he found a great deal else; and he never made any Asian friends, though his staff must have loved him. His job, too, was apparently a failure: after five years' work he at last moved into a fine, well-equipped laboratory, only to have the new Malayan government, a few months later, withdraw their financial grant, forcing him to close down. His research ship sailed away to Africa, his clerk rattled away on a lorry piled high with furniture, and Dr O. shut the gates, sat down on the new concrete steps, and wept.

But he is far beyond being disillusioned. If he harbours a touch of sadness it is permissible in a man who spent years quietly getting on with his job – a job which may not for a long time, if ever, show any returns (and Dr O. would be much too modest to admit them) – while noisier people were thumping their desks and keeping the great Revolution revolving. No rancour, no bitterness; just a shrug, faintly sad, but amused. One is left with a feeling that the people of Malaya, Singapore and Hong Kong were supremely lucky to have such a nice man working for them; with a suspicion that perhaps many of the now maligned officials of the Empire were

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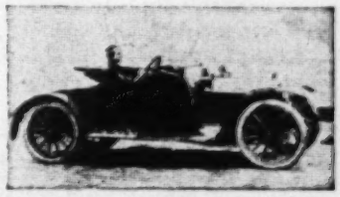

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CHATTO & WINDUS

really like Dr O.; with a picture of how the post-imperialists live; and with an evocation of the sticky East so true that as one reads a drop of sweat trickles down one's nose and falls on to the book.

Ethel Mannin, too, was a detached observer of the East, though her window looked out only on to Japan, where she made a pilgrimage in the steps of her late husband, Reginald Reynolds. She went everywhere, saw everything. She read all the proper books, and has filled her own with just about all the information an inquisitive traveller could wish for, from a warning of the trials involved in a Japanese bath to a description of the Tokyo-Hiroshima Peace March. But she found little she could really like. She remained unimpressed with the food, cynical about Zen, and sternly unsentimental about such traditional traveller's joys as the art of flower arrangement, the Kabuki theatre, and Japanese wrestling. There was almost nothing to move her, until one night she heard a group of young people singing Mozart in a garden.

Martin Hürlimann is known for his photography, but for an account of a recent flip through Asia, from Beirut to Tokyo, he has relied on his pen as well as on his camera. Unfortunately his writing, like so many of his photographs, tends to be confined to generalisations. With the camera, his own particular cliché is that of the picturesque; not for him the significant detail, or the moment of truth, or the telling angle, or the face that speaks volumes, and when he tries his hand at these it hardly ever works. Some of his pictures are memorable: there is one of a few thousand Chinese at work on the Ming Tombs reservoir outside Peking, which looks at first sight more like a painting by Lowry than a photograph. But needless to say, Julia makes no appearance in Dr Hürlimann's album.

NICHOLAS WOLLASTON

In and out of Sorts

Hired to Kill. By JOHN MORRIS. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

A Version of the Truth. By NICOLAS BENTLEY. *Deutsch.* 16*s.*

In Friendly Candour. By EDWARD WEEKS. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

The life of an officer in the Indian Army in the early Twenties was, objectively considered, as fantastically circumscribed as that of a member of some primeval tribe. Tea and toast at dawn, followed by physical training with the men. A short break followed by overseeing drill and musketry exercises. 8.30 a silent breakfast. Company parades in full dress and the Commanding Officer's daily meeting completed the morning, after which officers were free until the nightly jamboree of Dinner in the Mess. Encased in their starchy skin-tight mess dress, officers assembled in the ante-room 30 minutes before dinner was served, forbidden to smoke for fear of spoiling the anyhow undrinkable sherry. Then, entering in order of seniority, they chewed their way through the obligatory six courses of bad food badly cooked, debarred by taboo from mentioning any serious subject from politics to women.

Day after day, night after night, the ritual continued, hedged about with yet other stringent taboos on behaviour and with yet other elaborate rituals like the vast operation of dropping cards on all the married officers' wives at each departure from, as well as each arrival at, the Station.

How any moderately intelligent person could support the tedium and beef-wittedness of such a life was something that constantly exercised the young John Morris as he, all the same, supported it year after year in a regiment of Gurkhas. The more conventionally minded young officers had the compensation of sport, shooting, hunting, polo. He, caring for none of these things, found compensation in the leisure the life provided for reading, enjoying the natural surroundings and stewing gently in his own juice.

Such a period of incubation was necessary for his development. He had been pitchforked from a not very happy family life into the Battle of the Somme at the age of 17. If soldiering had seemed a welcome escape from an uneasy home, the experience itself proved traumatic. So now, slumped in the vacancy of the Indian Army routine, his personality had time and space to reorganise itself.

Mr John Morris's account of this is continually interesting and entertaining. He has a gentle irony for the absurdities; he has a remarkable gift for bringing landscape alive for us, and a spell as transport officer to the first Himalayan expedition enlarged his horizons. Then his book is admirably organised: it has a strong narrative pull. The subject may sound dull, but, in fact, as he tells it, it is un-put-downable.

Like a novelist Mr Morris creates a world of his own, complete and self-enclosing, with himself as the uneasy, brooding, solitary hero. Mr Nicolas Bentley in *A Version of the Truth,* writes a more conventionally patterned piece of autobiography. He is, anyhow, unlike Mr Morris, on comparatively comfortable terms with the world. The son of the inventor of the Clerihew, he grew up among civilised, if somewhat eccentric adults, who were not likely to thwart his interests or distort his growth. G. K. Chesterton ('his slow reverberating laugh that went trickling on through his words like water leaking from a bucket'), H. G. Wells ('twinkling and squeaking about the place'), J. L. Garvin ('his profile was less like an eagle's than a coelacanth's, with a large inquisitive nose and pale staring eyes'), and Hilaire Belloc (in clerical black with a flat-topped bowler and side-whiskers) were among his father's friends.

Mr Bentley is reticent about his professional development. His interest is in the oddity of other people. The aunts of his childhood and the masters of the schooldays lead us on to Art School (Heatherly's) and Jack Beddington's young men in Shell publicity. It is a sign of a well-adjusted personality perhaps that he could branch out from time to time into strange by-ways. After art school he did a spell as a circus clown just for the hell of it, and, later, feeling the need to contribute, enlisted as a prison visitor. Mr Bentley ends his agreeable, well-written memoir with a hair-raising account of fire-fighting during the London blitz.

Mr Edward Weeks is an American editor and publisher with the *Atlantic Monthly* and, as his title, *In Friendly Candour,* reveals, he is a romantic Georgian by taste and temperament. He belongs to the good old days when publishing was more than a profession, it was a romantic vocation. The discovery of an author like Mazo de la Roche alone made one's life worth having lived. Mr Weeks discovered many other authors, some less well known to us over here, and describes his discoveries with an enviable zest and enthusiasm. Other enthusiasms are the countryside and fishing and giving harmless civilised advice to a world in transition.

T. C. WORSLEY

Collapse of Slim Volume

Mélisande. By MARGERY SHARP and ROY MCKIE. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Biting Eye. By ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS. *Perpetua.* 42*s.*

Eloise in Moscow. By KAY THOMPSON. Ill. HILARY KNIGHT. *Reinhardt.* 15*s.*

Vicky Must Go! By VICKY. *Beaverbrook Press.* 5*s.*

Top Sacred. By PHELIX. *Merlin.* 6*s.*

More Man in Apron. By LARRY. *Museum.* 5*s.*

Best Cartoons from Abroad—3. *Barker.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A comedian remarked of Mort Sahl that he doesn't tell jokes, he quotes *Time* magazine, and the audience don't laugh, they say 'He's right! He's right!' Certainly *rightness,* or truth, if we're going to make a thing about it, is the success-ingredient of most jokes from the banana-skin upwards, and I am certain that those of us who are prepared to pay anything from five bob to 42 shillings for a volume that can be read in ten minutes flat do so not because we expect still to be falling about over the desert islands and psychiatrist's couches ten years hence, but because the best funny drawings release in us that little bubble of self-congratulation that goes with recognition of a truth.

Take, for example, *Mélisande.* The asking price here is 12s 6d for a series of 40 drawings showing how a flower-seller gets taken up by a famous singer, becomes a celebrated operatic soprano herself, appears on *What's My Line,* marries money, and finally goes back to the bread-line in favour of another up-and-coming flower-seller. What makes this book worth the money is that the celebrated operatic soprano in question happens to be a dog. And simply by making her a dog her creators have given us something to recognise: human pomp, human success and even human charity exposed as the giggle they really are.

André François is another artist who is not so much funny ha-ha as funny yes-yes. *The Biting Eye* has more than cartoons: it has drawings, paintings, designs for playing cards – the kind of two-guineasworth you find on low tables in *avant-garde* architects' offices. In that scratchy, graphic line of his (Ronald Searle writes that he stole every post-office pen over a wide area of Paris in his search for it) François gives us dreams, fantasy, notes for a nightmare; but here again, behind even the most bloodshot of these biting eyefuls is the clear, idiot landscape of reality.

Eloise in Moscow I can see, without being a great Eloise fan myself, also succeeds on the yes-yes level, in fact at two yes-yes levels. With wild generalisations such as 'The hotel lobby smells like chicken' and 'They have purple ink' it appeals to those who have been to Russia and remember, or are prepared to kid themselves that they remember, that the hotel lobby *did* smell like chicken; and with even wilder generalisations such as 'None of our luggage was missing' and 'But they didn't take our camera' it appeals to those who have never been to Russia but who take all this Siberia stuff with a pinch of salt.

Political dept. Like the lady who found Shakespeare full of quotations, I find *Alice in Wonderland* full of captions for political cartoons. I reckon it's about time Vicky started paying Lewis Carroll's executors a retainer. But you can't really quarrel with

Christmas books

JULIAN FRANKLYN **Shield and Crest**	'An admirable textbook on the art and science of heraldry. With an abundance of illustrations of which over 200 are in glowing colours.' *Scotsman.* £3.5s.
KEN GREGORY **Behind the Scenes of Motor Racing**	'A valuable contribution to the history of the sport . . . fascinating pen-portraits.' *Sphere.* 25s
JOHN HEARSEY **The Tower**	'A cavalcade of the men and women who live or died or were jailed in that grim fortress.' *Evening News. Illustrated* 25s
WILLIAM CAMP **The Glittering Prizes**	A fascinating study of F. E. Smith—Lord Birkenhead. 'The seamy rather than the dreamy side of politics.' *New Statesman. Illustrated* 25s
DANILO DOLCI **The Outlaws of Partinico**	Aldous Huxley called Dolci 'the ideal twentieth-century saint'; this is the successor to his *To Feed the Hungry.* 25s
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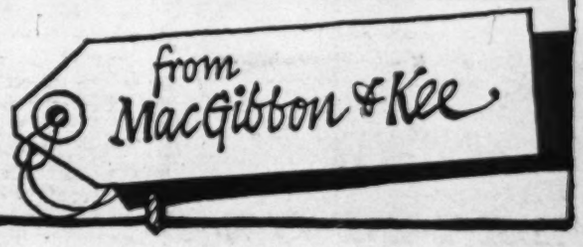
FERNANDO HENRIQUES **Love in Action**	'The first serious comparative study of sexual behaviour for a long time . . . tinged with dry humour and lavishly illustrated.' *Guardian.* 45s
DAVID KRAUSE **Sean O'Casey: The man and his work**	'An exciting book . . . the picture of the poor, delicate boy . . . his head on fire with the agony of a rare imagination, is unforgettable.' *S. Times.* 30s
DORIS LESSING **In Pursuit of the English**	'Her tough inquiring mind and downright style will put any sentimental Anglophile in his place.' *Times Literary Supplement.* 21s
COLIN MACINNES **Mr Love and Justice** **Absolute Beginners** **City of Spades**	'What he is really writing about in this series is the new London and its inhabitants, who lead an exciting, unexpected, adventurous and beautiful life.' FRANCIS WYNDHAM *London Magazine.* each 15s
FLANN O'BRIEN **At Swim-two-Birds**	'If I were cultural dictator of England I would make *At Swim-two-Birds* compulsory reading.' PHILIP TOYNBEE *Observer.* 21s
DAVID LYTTON **The Goddam White Man**	'Vivid, passionate, brilliant book.' PETER FORSTER *Daily Express.* 16s
RONALD BLYTHE **A Treasonable Growth**	'A first novel, one of those primal atoms packed with talent and promise.' MAURICE RICHARDSON *New Statesman.* 18s
DAVID LODGE **The Picturegoers**	'These are really the streets, pavements, and pleasures of the prosperous but spiritually desolate suburbs of the 1960s.' *Times.* 15s

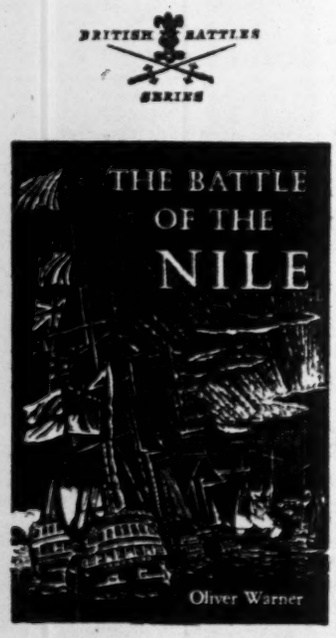


Vicky, because he happens to be brilliant. I like this knack he has of tying up political events with the passing show: *The Entertainer* and unemployment, *e.g.* to show us Archie Rice Macmillan singing 'You've Never Had It So Good' to a dole queue. (Random thought: I wonder if politicians actually *know* when they're coining phrases for the cartoonists?) The total effect in *Vicky Must Go!* is a picture not only of political lunacy but of the larger lunacy in which it thrives.

Funny little book dept. Phelix, whose monk cartoons first appeared in this journal, has collected them together in *Top Sacred*. Most of them are simple paradoxes ('Trespassers Forgiven', etc.) but if C. E. Montague said that paradox is a sense of the necessity of brilliance without the power to achieve it, as I think he did, then he seems to have been mistaken. And Larry, whose man-in-apron cartoons keep the flag flying for the emancipation of man, has collected more of *them* together in *More Man in Apron*. As for *Best Cartoons from Abroad*, I know it's traditional that if you can't think of something nice to say about a funny book in a Christmas number you should suggest vaguely that it will go in somebody's Christmas stocking, but I cannot honestly recommend a book which is based on the belief that one of the best cartoons to come out of France is a drawing of a man apparently urinating behind a tree and a woman saying 'No, I won't look but I can guess, you're carving a heart with two initials.'

KEITH WATERHOUSE

New cookery books include *French Provincial Cooking*, by Elizabeth David (Joseph, 35*s.*), the scope of which is explained by the title, and *The Classical French Cuisine*, by Joseph Donon (Cassell, 36*s.*).



'The close-up of a famous sea-fight . . . complete, detailed and satisfying.' — THE LISTENER

21S

B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

New Novels

A Test to Destruction. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Macdonald*. 18*s.*

Ourselves to Know. By JOHN O'HARA. *Cresset*. 21*s.*

The Doctor Is Sick. By ANTHONY BURGESS. *Heinemann*. 16*s.*

The Little Horses of Tarquinia. By MARGUERITE DURAS. Translated by PETER DUBERG. *Calder*. 18*s.*

Geisha. By STEPHEN and ETHEL LONGSTREET. *Barker*. 16*s.*

The Dying Art. By JOHN PLAYFAIR. *Duckworth*. 15*s.*

I wonder how Henry Williamson's Phillip Maddison saga compares with the novels of the 1914-18 war that were written in the Twenties? One really needs to do some extensive re-reading to be certain but my impression is that *A Test to Destruction*, which is the eighth volume of the chronicle, can at least hold its own with most of them. The reconstruction is, as far as I can judge, dead accurate. The selection of sociologically significant detail is very nice. It gives you a feeling of immediacy plus period flavour, as if you were looking at a huge enlarged photograph that had suddenly come alive. You can spot those Edwardian things that survived into the first quarter of this century together with the specifically new feature that comprised modernity, as it was called.

This volume covers the last year of the war and the first months of peace. It opens in the early spring of 1918, just before the last and final big German push. Phillip, back in France for the fifth time, rejoins his battalion with Gough's 5th Army near Péronne. Soon after he gets taken prisoner during the German breakthrough but escapes in the confusion. He commands a scratch battalion that is put into the newly formed line, is wounded, badly burned about the face. Invalided home, he goes to a hospital in a ducal country house, later to a fantastic convalescent home near Falmouth. Peripatetic love affairs in London – not forgetting the Grafton Galleries – and the provinces with some disagreeable physical consequences complete this section of his experience. He emerges with a poetic conviction of the value of life. He seems to be typifying the enlarged horizon of the *petite bourgeoisie* and the breakdown of some of the middle-class stratifications as a result of the war. I find him a rather more individual, less wispy figure in this novel than in the previous instalments of the series which I have read. The setting all round him includes short personal appearances by both Haig and a young Major Bernard Montgomery, as well as some notable 'frocks' in the home-front scenes. There is no doubt at all that this chronicle of Mr Williamson's has great value; it will be a source book for future historians.

John O'Hara has done a biographical chronicle novel set in his native Pennsylvania at the turn of the century. The central figure of *Ourselves to Know* is Robert Millhouser, an ancient solitary, a living corpse known as the man who shot his wife way back in 1908. Gerald Higgins, the narrator, a Princeton undergraduate in 1926 and an equivalent of the youthful O'Hara, makes friends with him and starts collecting his story. At first this story-telling at two time-levels is deftly done and makes for an effect of depth; after a while O'Hara seems to find it hampering and drops it in favour of a God's eye view. Millhouser is by way of being an artist as well as a man of property. His education includes a Henry Jamesian spell in Paris and Rome, painting with his friend Chester who turns out to be homosexual. Back in Pennsylvania he lives under the shadow of his powerful mother Zilph. Then, in middle age, comes his fatal marriage to Hedda, 18-year-old daughter of a mine manager. She is one of those wayward nymphomaniacal – that word again – types in which O'Hara specialises. Her short marriage to Millhouser and his sudden destruction of her, when he discovers her particular brand of infidelity and mental cruelty combined is the best part of the story. This is a long book, rather too long, with a lot of social history woven into it; a bit uneven in imaginative strength but a solid, considerable novel, even though you feel it may have been inspired more by fiction-publishing currents than innermost necessity. O'Hara may still be wearing *Appointment in Samarra*, the brilliant début of 25 years ago to which he has never quite lived up, like an albatross, but you feel his neck muscles are strengthening and he is looking up.

I've missed Anthony Burgess's serio-comic trilogy about the English in Malaya. If *The Doctor Is Sick* were a first novel I should greet it as a promising curiosity. As a fourth it has to be labelled an interesting misfire. Edwin, a young philologist returned from Malaya, is a suspected case of cerebral tumour in a London hospital being diagnosed while his vague flighty wife is developing a taste for Bohemia. On the eve of his operation, drugged, head shaved close, he leaves the ward and wanders about London, having a series of preposterous encounters in a dream-like and not very convincing underworld with forgers, a masochistic flagellant, a tart, and wins a TV competition for bald heads. Meanwhile his language-obsessed mind, like an engine racing unhealthily in low gear, keeps mixing word-salads of satirical quips and puns. The hospital part is very well done with exact observation, but the picaresque second half gets a bit laboured. Part of the trouble, I think, is that a cerebral tumour is not a subject a novelist can monkey about with; only a philosophical picaresque vein would have suited.

A fan of *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, of which Mlle Duras wrote the script, I turned eagerly to *The Little Horses of Tarquinia*, and was rather disappointed. This is a mood study rather than a story, in an Italian riviera village a day or two after a youth has been killed by a mine. It starts with interest centred on some holiday-makers, two young couples, Sara and Jacques, and Ludi and Gina, and their unattached friend, Diana; you expect some emotional developments but discover that there is no particular focus. The effect, despite some sharp descriptive writing, is rather like one of those panoramic photographs in which every face is equally distinct. It is possible, of course, that some essential rhythmic quality in the original has got lost in translation, which is on the flat side. Or that some delicate significances may have slipped through my coarse mesh. But my impression is that nothing really happens; and nobody goes to see the Etruscan horses of the title.

Geisha is a rather peculiar historical novel by an American couple who have made a special study of Japan. The period is late eighteenth century. The plot seems at first to have been concocted with an eye on Hollywood but it takes curious doom-laden twists. Huge fair-haired American doctor to Dutch traders on the island of Deshima is called in to cut the Shogun for stone. He falls in love

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with the Geisha, O Kita, and she with him, but nothing goes right; he, incidentally, is an epileptic and an opium addict. The background is elaborately and, I should think, faithfully, detailed.

The Dying Art is a present-day English (London) hospital documentary novel, fairly light written with a critical eye on soulless tendencies in modern medicine. There is a nice young house physician for hero and a large supporting cast of consultants, pretty nurses, and, of course, the suffering patients. Readers who are already conditioned to the cosy euphoria of *Emergency – Ward 10* should find it goes down like a bismuth breakfast.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Frigid Frolics

La Vie Anglaise. By TONY MAYER. Illustrated by OSBERT LANCASTER. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Love and the English. By NINA EPTON. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

Tony Mayer, author of *La Vie Anglaise* and inmate of the French Embassy in London, has spent many years among us. Have we been nourishing a viper in our excellent white bosoms? No, unfortunately. His book, translated by Christopher Sykes and already a favourite in France, is all too kind and his publishers have done him a disservice by overdressing their window. There are illustrations (sparkling) by Osbert Lancaster. The blurb promises us a feast of delights ('. . . pleasure and amusement . . . a remarkable book . . at once humorous and severe') and quotes critics to prove it. One settles down for a treat and then finds that the major part of the book would be ideal for an 'England Told to the Kiddies' series, with its potted sections on history, law, religion, etc. There is even a chapter, of enormous banality, on the Royal Family.

> The itineraries are arranged so that the Queen's Rolls-Royce never goes down the same street twice, and in the cars used for official visits the windows and seats are so designed as to allow the sovereign to be seen clearly. The very style of her dress and hat is chosen to convey to her subjects an indelible and simultaneous impression of magnificence and friendliness, of sweetness and regality, of being above the crowd and close to it too.

When we come to Education and Recreation, and Social and Family Life, the author allows himself jokes about cricket, conversation, cocktail parties, food, animals, and so on, but it is tame and obvious stuff. Required by the text to invent some English names, he dreams up the Hon Francis Flour-fflower and the Hon Mrs Vyvian Puritan-Porridge. Funny names really must be funny. This may seem a small point. But then, it's a small book.

Not so Nina Epton's *Love and the English*, a more solid affair altogether, with a plump John Bull imitating Eros on the jacket front and Miss Epton herself beaming a welcome at the back. We would guess, without the authoress's grateful acknowledgement to the London Library, that there had been a good bit of scurrying about going on, but nobody minds a string of chronologically-arranged snippets when many of the snippets are so fascinating.

'The average Englishwoman looks unstroked, uncaressed and emotionally undernourished', says Miss Epton, and her book sets out to discover why. On the whole, the gentlemen don't emerge too well, from William the Conqueror onwards. His wooing of the indifferent Matilda of Flanders consisted in pouncing on her as she emerged from a Bruges church and beating and kicking her until she measured her length on the *trottoir*. Did she like it? But of course. She never looked elsewhere. It was useless for the author of *Hali Maidenhead* to try to dissuade girls from matrimony by describing a normal husband; 'he chideth thee and jaweth thee, he maketh mock of thee, he beateth thee and mawleth thee.' All this and, if you're lucky, spiced possets too! The young ladies could hardly wait to be mawled.

Miss Epton's discoveries are splendidly varied. Here, *The Loved One* is anticipated by nearly two centuries:

> Dr Van Buchell lost his first wife in 1775 and had her body preserved by Dr Hunter who injected the blood-vessels with carmine fluid, inserted glass eyes and had all the cavities packed, after which the corpse was decked in silk and lace and placed upon a bed covered by a curtain. This was kept in the sitting-room and the occupant introduced to all newcomers as the 'dear departed' for several years, until the doctor's second wife protested.

'The nineteenth century, though boastful of its delicacy, countenances some very coarse proceedings.' This censure of Queen Victoria's was provoked by the relatively harmless spectacle of Ada Isaacs galloping barebacked at Astley's in wispy muslin, and Miss Epton is particularly good on this period. How agreeable to think of Mr Gladstone proposing in the Colosseum. Now *there* was a satisfactory husband! And indeed, that is the conclusion. Englishmen make poor, dull lovers but are reliable in the home. They are not really attracted by strange bedrooms. Cold comfort for wives, I dare say, but comfort all the same.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

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Funnies

Funnies are meant to be nibbled, not gnawed, and bulk reading is a pretty gruelling test. All the same (with charity switched on to the maximum), the seasonal crop makes a dull display. The sad thing about them is their sameness. The labels are different, but the contents taste the same.

For this reason alone originals should be cherished, and Helen Darrell's *Memoirs of Mavis* (Vista, 12*s.* 6*d.*) glints among the dross like a tough little industrial diamond. Mavis is an espresso-reared chick, encyclopaedic about discs, dates, waspies, and winklepickers, and her memoirs read like the jottings of a hip Daisy Ashford. Ranging the teenage scene, she comments on matters of national importance such as whether Tommy Steele should go to Hollywood; how to preserve the silver paint on your toe-nails; and the pleasures of mobbing a pop singer. 'He made a bit of noise because the skin stuck to the hair when I pulled. But he had the most wonderful scream of agony, so I didn't mind.'

Judging by her photograph, Miss Darrell is quite a chick herself, and the *Memoirs* sound like an ebullient inside job. But, most important, the comedy stems from a point of view. The same can be said for Patrick Campbell's *Come Here Till I Tell You* (Hutchinson, 21*s.*), a generous batch of magazine and newspaper articles, two thirds of which brilliantly justify their packaging between hard covers.

Campbell is a tweedy Tati among humourists, loping from upset to disaster, trying valiantly to remain vertical while events jerk the rug from under his feet. He must be the only man whose career includes being menaced by the IRA, roller-skating with Gloria Nord, and being coshed by a Parkhurst tearaway. Things happen to him *naturally*, and he reports them with a bemused authenticity. This is a splendid collection.

Topicality is a mixed blessing to an entertainer, and a good many of the items in *Look Back and Laugh* (Methuen, 16*s.*) – a miscellany of verse, parodies, and satire, all minted in the past 50 years by Sir Alan Herbert – are sallow round the edges. What remains deft and delicately in time is APH's gift for turning a lyric. There are songs here as fresh and as funny as the day they first tinkled in the Cochran gloaming.

Phogey! by Malcolm Bradbury (Parrish, 13*s.* 6*d.*) is a short, donnish survey of a contemporary horror – half phoney, half fogey – with a dossier of chilling case histories. It's all very crisp and deadpan, and Mr Bradbury impales his drab little butterflies with a sure hand. But what's meant to be witty is often merely instructive. Life breathes moistly down your neck while you read.

After their American opus, *Russia for Beginners* by Alex Atkinson and Ronald Searle (Perpetua, 21*s.*) is rather a let-down. The drawings are fine, but the text is curiously grumpy. Perhaps those bath-plugs, always missing from Moscow hotels, have something to do with it. On the other hand, *History for Beginners* by Antonio Mingote, with text by Jan Read (Nelson, 15*s.*) is positively ingratiating. The artist, says the blurb, was arraigned before the Spanish Supreme Court as the result of one of his cartoons, but there is nothing in these drawings to suggest why.

Lastly, I recommend *How to be Inimitable* by George Mikes (Deutsch, 8*s.* 6*d.*) for the gentle thuggery of its maxims. 'AID' suggests Mr Mikes 'was invented by an Englishman as a labour-saving device.'

PHILIP OAKES

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It is a little more than 50 years since African sculpture first drew serious attention in Europe. Those who were fighting then the early battles of abstraction saw themselves powerfully reinforced. They were moved by the daring symbolism and masterly execution of pieces in wood or metal that discoverers were beginning to bring back with them to Paris and London and Berlin. They hailed the work of men who were noble just because they were savage – just because they were free from the tame conventions of a civilisation that expected from its artists nothing but a sickly grin of self-pity. Respectable opinion rustled its skirts, gave its customary giggle, and took this *avant-gardiste* praise of Negro sculpture as another more or less amusing insult. How, after all, could such odious forms and obesities mean anything for the aesthetics of a Europe that had known the Renaissance? And not until the 1950s would money fashion send the prices skyward.

Through all these years, one may note, the argument about Negro art (but confining this, mainly, to sculpture in wood) continued in a curious vacuum of fact: curious because everyone seemed to take the absence of explanatory fact as perfectly unimportant. Whether praised or damned, welcomed or repudiated, the artistic achievement of Black Africa was seen as though it had emerged, *tout cuit*, from people whose societies and beliefs had really stood still, unmoved, immovable, since time began. Both sides, in short, were guilty of the error of looking at this art as if it were the production of Primitive Man, an imaginary being utterly deprived of all the seeds and harvests of social and spiritual change that have otherwise nourished human progress.

Nowadays one can see how closely this attitude to Negro art reflected the spirit of imperial times. The idea that culture in sub-Saharan Africa could be considered as anything but 'simple and savage' was regarded, more often than not, as the merest sentimental moonshine. Even today, with the imperial age behind us, the notion lingers on. Viewed from outside, the arts of Africa have tended to remain the image of a static past, a Garden of Eden unploughed by social change, untilled by new ideas, fallow in its promising (or dangerous) innocence. And the roots of this misunderstanding are deep. They draw strength from those high old days when evidence to the contrary was simply flung out of the window. After Frobenius and others, round the turn of the century had returned from southern Nigeria, with a number of bronze heads of excellent workmanship and striking naturalism – clear proof, when set alongside other African styles, of social shift and change and variation – these objects were summarily removed from the African canon. Since they could not be explained in terms of Primitive Man, they were manifestly not African. 'The bronze art of Benin,' declared Sir Harry Johnston in 1910, speaking for established opinion about these bronze heads, 'is almost entirely due to the inspiration of the Portuguese.' He was, of course, almost entirely wrong.

Art books and art exhibitions trailed along in the wake of this careless or banal paternalism. More or less remarkable objects from Africa were lumped together in vast assemblies, and displayed to the public as though they were the work of mental deficients or superstitious maniacs. Manifold and obvious variations in style and purpose were explained as accidental, insignificant, or the mysterious consequence of atavistic pressures belonging to the unfathomable depths of prehistoric time. On top of all this wild confusion, writers weighed in with commentaries ranging from the merely opaque to the far extremes of romantic guff.

Lately, things have been getting much better. Londoners could mark the change at its best and clearest in St James's Square last month, where the Arts Council offered them the best exhibition of African art this city has ever seen. Here at last, thanks to the stubborn scholarship of Mr William Fagg and the generosity of museums and private collectors, one could move out of the fog and see, if not yet altogether distinctly (for the task is long and the workers are few), that the arts of Africa – in this case, the arts of Nigeria – belonged indeed to many periods, many phases, many societies; and that a proper appreciation of them, aside from mere ocular enjoyment, demands their placing in a context of time and place. For if enjoyment is good, understanding with enjoyment is better still.

Art books are also improving. This is partly the result of better photogravure and the introduction of colour photography, although poor reproduction can still make colour a doubtful blessing. But the main improvement is to be found in what the writers say. Their commentaries begin to make sense. Archaeology and anthropology have helped to work a powerful revolution. We are no longer asked to rest content with vapid comparisons suggesting that this African style is 'strangely reminiscent of the Cubists', or that one is 'inherently baroque', or some other one 'merely monumental'. The reputable writer on Negro art today knows that he must explain his objects in aesthetic and historical terms that belong to African categories of thought and experience.

Miss Elsy Leuzinger has already made a well-deserved reputation for herself at the Rietberg Museum in Zürich; and her book* is both handsome and useful. For a relatively modest price, she offers the uninitiated a wide-ranging variety of pictures in colour and a workmanlike explanation of where and when and in what circumstances the objects they depict were made. Here, true enough, there is nothing of the arts of Ethiopia or the Old Sudan, or of the Maghreb, or anything of rock painting and engraving; but the book's misleading title is at least corrected by a sub-title. The publishers have not been able to resist the familiar temptation to glamorise the colour of some of their plates; but the non-expert need not, I think, fear any serious misrepresentation, and many of the plates are worthy of the author's talent for selection.

Some of her history will raise a few eyebrows. Can one roundly assert that the sub-Saharan Iron Age 'began about 400 BC', or that the Nok Culture of central Nigeria dates from the fifth century BC? The first date seems too early; the second is almost certainly too late. Can one be sure that iron was introduced into Black Africa from the Meroitic kingdom of the Middle Nile, and not from North Africa or more probably from both? Altogether, Miss Leuzinger is far too kind to the myth of 'Hamitic superiority' and tends to generalise, here and there, with more confidence than available facts will properly allow. Her book is nonetheless an advance on most of its kind, and deserves a warm welcome.

What happens to Negro artists now that willy-nilly they become citizens of the world? This is where Mr Ulli Beier takes over.** Few Europeans have gone to as much care as Mr Beier in probing the ideals and motives of Nigerian society, at any rate in Yorubaland and Iboland, and much that he has to say in his well-produced monograph illuminates the past as well as the present.

> . . . the traditional African attitude to art seems so much more enlightened than ours: we fuss about the finished object. To the African the *act of creation* is the important thing. The act of creation is a sacred service rendered to the god. If the object is attacked by white ants, no attempt is made to preserve it, because when it is destroyed a new one must simply be made. It is an attitude that keeps the art alive, instead of prolonging the life of the object.

Modern Nigerian artists face crucial problems. They cannot go on working in the old traditions, because Nigerians 'are trying to build themselves a new life and a new society, and anything that reminds them of the old way of life . . . is therefore suspect.' On the other hand, they cannot simply become artists in the European tradition, since Africa is not in Europe. Some are trying to have the best of both worlds, and Mr Beier is on the whole sceptical of their wisdom. For hopeful signposts he points rather to the appearance, here and there, of new arts that attempt a marriage between the African past and the African

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**Africa*. By ELSY LEUZINGER. *Methuen*. 42*s*.

***Art in Nigeria, 1960*. By ULLI BEIER. *Cambridge*. 18*s* 6*d*.

†*African Design*. By MARGARET TROWELL. *Faber*. 50*s*.

‡*Prehistoric Rock Art of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland*. Ed. ROGER SUMMERS. *Chatto & Windus*. 7*gns*.

present. On all this he is well worth reading.

Mrs Trowell adds another helpful book† on the decorative arts. She is concerned here with design in the sense of applied or inherent pattern for a wide range of materials. This is a book where lavish illustration is of primary importance, and I think that Mrs Trowell and the publishers deserve full marks on this score. All but one of the plates are in black-and-white and some of them, especially the textile pictures, lose much by this; but given the cost and difficulty of good colour reproduction it would be quite unfair to cavil. Just how misleading *bad* colour reproduction can be is shown, by the way, on the dust jacket of this book.

Rock painting and engraving are a different matter, if only because they are dead arts. They are really prehistoric. Shepherd boys in Africa may still scribble on boulders. No one is any longer working on stone in the manner of the past. Maybe the lingering Bushmen of the Kalahari would begin again if they could move to a land where smooth rock surfaces were found: in the circumstances, they are far more likely to die out first. Yet their arts were alive well into the nineteenth century. *Prehistoric Rock Art of Rhodesia and Nyasaland*‡ makes a memorable and enlightened contribution to the record, offering a rich collection of plates in colour and black-and-white from painted copies and photographs, the fruit of much labour by devoted hands.

Three and thirty days were taken up by Ogotommeli, sage of the Dogon, in explaining to Marcel Griaule his people's system of belief – 'a universal system,' Griaule would write, 'knowledge of which completely overthrows all previous ideas about the mentality of black people.' Few of us are likely to acquire this saving knowledge. Yet a better understanding of Negro art, as these books variously suggest, may very likely do instead.

The Bulls

The bulls of madness, red beasts of the heat,
Come clattering hooves and horns in brassy
gouts
Along the stiff horizon; riotous feet

Unfettered, ructive, gouging at the roots
Of clouds and roses, ring clamorous – and
near.
They come to tilt the mind, those iron brutes

Battering at the unprotected ear
With molten throats and tongues of adamant
Till their abrasive breathing stuns the air.

As ancient masonry of intellect
Crumbles, thrown down in fragments, must
I be
The Hercules to harness and deject

These monsters, break them to the plow? Am I
The artificer of the sense to say:
Leap up, you stones, and shoulder the broken
sky.

JOHN HAAG

Betjeman in Pooterland

Summoned by Bells. By JOHN BETJEMAN. *Murray.* 16*s.*

It is fashionable to make much of the class context of the nostalgia that dominates Mr Betjeman's verse; yet the sentiment aroused by Nanny, Pooterland walks, childish loneliness, prep school, public school – bad at games – and university, can be matched line by line in the memories of Our Mum, Our Street and My Mates. Mr Betjeman has his world and, as an artist must, he lives truthfully within it. The Past is a poor shelter: often the most exposed part of a man's mind. Those who read his present autobiography in near-prose verse, a poem that glances from incident to incident in the first 20 years of his life, must observe that Mr Betjeman's real subject is not nostalgia, but the sense of insecurity, the terror of time and pain. The laughs come at the point of agony. If it sounds like the chuckle of *The Diary of a Nobody*, it has far more of the delighted scream of the fiend.

Mr Betjeman's originality starts from the unbearable twinges of shame and remorse; and in this he is in the familiar tradition of all English light verse from Hood, Thackeray, Carroll to Newbolt and Auden – poets given to parody, pathos, sing-song or the thumping emotions of our hymns, when the eyes wander sinfully as we swell out for the last verse. The genre is very English; it is perpetuated only by very clever, frightened, defensive people who are given sedulously to ritual: ritual prevents feeling from having its head and confines one rigorously to sentiment. Many of the rituals are schoolboyish, so that we can imagine Mr Betjeman as the father in *Vice Versa*, or sticking to Talbot Baines Reed as an act of faith. His peculiar contribution is to have substituted religious feeling for the usual Play-up-Play-up-and-Play-the-Game kind of patriotism. Betjeman is in his hammock and a thousand miles away, dreaming all the time of something High.

So Mr Betjeman's device for concealing violence, passion, wilfulness and brilliance, is first of all 'a love of the dim'. He studiously collects the faded photographs, gives silly expression to their feelings, all the more to dodge the terrible implication that wild feeling once lived in these people, and that the feelings were sat on – just as aces are 'sat on' in bridge – so that the effort is desperate and choking. He laughs to increase the pain of it.

In terror of time, he avidly collects what is dated: the point is that these lives were novelties, manifestations of the lust of the eye and the pride of life. He has the tragic eye for habit and fashion; green linoleum, the Sturmey Archer three-speed-gear, electroliers, blazers of mark, Delauncay-Bellevilles, the school crazes, the shantung tie, even the fashions in medicine and hygiene – Scott's Emulsion and Euthymol – look like fetiches in landscapes that 'recall' Keats or Constable to a watery eye. Love is tennis, love is a bike ride, or telling a girl about double-declutching as one messes about with the headlights of father's car. The nostalgia and affection for the past are there; 'a slight sense of something unfulfilled.' The laughter, the mockery of these suburban memories is sharpened by remorse and by a sense of being alone in a wilderness of guilt. 'Summoned by bells' is a phrase that quite literally refers to Mr Betjeman's lasting passion for architecture; but equally it refers to things more disturbing – how the bells are 'hollowing out the sky', and to the apprehension of the appalling summons that a laugh will not avert. For living in the past is a game just as Carroll's brainy fantasies were games: the game of snubbing fear.

Light verse depends for its effect on the catchiness, the spirit of its tunes and rhythms and the power of wit to turn the feeling as the poem whizzes to its dangerous corner. The two or three lyrics in *Summoned by Bells* are shapely and exhilarating. The main body of the poem is in blank verse that is 'as near prose as [I] dare'; it is sometimes poor prose rather than flat verse. A phrase like 'ladies vaguely designated as aunts' contains at least two dead words from the gag book. At a first reading one is restfully passing from the commonplace to the 'amusing' (Twenties *q.v.*) and Mr Betjeman moves on with such suicidal quickness that nothing builds up until the episodes at Marlborough and Oxford. The former is moving, for Mr Betjeman is the poet of love in glum places; the latter is boldly ludicrous and very well done.

But, at a second and third reading, this novel in verse discloses its more important quality: he is a true excavator of drama. In the evocation of suburban youth and family troubles; the visit to father's works; the conflict between father and son, the miseries of prep school and public school, the romantic holidays in Cornwall, we recognise the fidelity of observation, the painful anxiety for truth in the determination to amuse and touch. But these would be fatally lulling but for the short thrilled power of dramatising a scene in a line or two. Nervous of prolonging these scenes, Mr Betjeman makes often too quick a getaway; but they whizz back like a cane and are sharp enough to raise a weal. The sadness or the pathos of Mr Betjeman are the rector's old gumboots which a fierce, wilful and even violent man is pretending to slop along in. Indeed, pretending to be a rector. In these brief flashes of drama the dullness wears off and we see Mr Betjeman hard and accomplished. The slackness which is his weakness as a poet vanishes.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A Political Novel

The Adventurers. By MARGOT HEINEMANN. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 16*s.*

The Adventurers is a Communist novel and, granted the author's obvious talent, much of its excellence and interest stems from this. For Communists, man is nothing if not a political animal, a being whose every action, whether he knows it or not, has political consequences – and if he doesn't know it, so much the worse for him. This view of man has enabled Miss Heinemann to write a novel that, for all its deceptive simplicity, is in the end quite unlike anything in contemporary English fiction, a novel that is genuinely about politics, about the ways in which power is achieved and used.

At the centre of the story is Danny Owen. A Welsh miner's son with literary ambitions, he has refused to be a Bevin Boy during the war, and only a threatened strike by his collier-friends has prevented him from going to prison. Instead, he becomes a sergeant-pilot in the RAF and in the fullness of time wins a scholarship to Keir Hardie College, Cambridge. Thence he goes into journalism and becomes an increasingly successful industrial correspondent and broadcaster, by what in

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BELL

effect is a continual betrayal of his friends in the pits. One might say he is corrupted, but it is not quite as simple as that: 'Danny never changed his views so that he could remember. It was rather that, after a couple of years of this kind of thing, one got a sense of proportion.' One might say that, despite his militantly socialist background and upbringing and his real good intentions, he remains in a condition of invincible ignorance; and it is from this that corruption proceeds – the slanted paragraph, the television interview loaded with half truths and picked witnesses.

Miss Heinemann permits herself occasional irony at Danny's expense but no satire. He comes to life convincingly because of the intensity and accuracy with which Miss Heinemann renders his surroundings, the Welsh coalfields, Fleet Street, Broadcasting House. Miss Heinemann has a Balzacian grasp of trades and techniques which allows her to do things very rare in English fiction. No one, I think, has caught more unerringly the public mood that put Labour in power in 1945 or the disillusion that followed. She brilliantly recreates the confusion of feeling among miners after nationalisation. And in the character of Lewis Connor she has drawn the best representation of a trade union official that I know.

One expects, I suppose, a Communist novel to be tendentious, propagandist. *The Adventurers* does not seem to me so at all. The shifting opinions on current events of the various factions of the Left seem to be fairly dramatised. If *The Adventurers* is a propaganda novel it is so in the same way as those of Bernanos and Mauriac. In fact, only one leading character in the book is presented as a Party member, the intellectual, Richard Adams, son of a Cambridge professor and younger brother of a member of the International Brigade killed in Spain. He is the dedicated man: 'Personal ambition had been to teach a first-rate philosophy class, to help build a united peace movement, to establish a live Party branch, even to write some day a good Marxist book.' It is through him that Miss Heinemann cunningly permits the expression of doubt; it is Adams who despairs at the apathy of the working class, is shocked by Krushchev's revelations of Stalin's excesses and outraged by Hungary. He yet remains in the Party, and his reasons for doing so seem to me comprehensible and respect-worthy.

If the novel is to be faulted, it is in the character of Tommy Rhys Evans, Danny's boyhood friend, who, without ambition and without learning, thinks and acts rightly as it were by grace and becomes almost against his will a miners' leader. There is about him more than a smack of the Soviet poster. All the same, palatable or not, *The Adventurers* is the most considerable and the most formidable new novel in English I have read this year.

WALTER ALLEN

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LONGMANS

Between-War Girls

Five out of Six. By VIOLET POWELL. *Heinemann.* 18*s*.

A North Country Maid. By MARY CRADDOCK. *Hutchinson.* 18*s*.

Young angry children of the upper classes should take a look at Lady Violet Powell's autobiography and be thankful for the horrors they have been spared: the dreary afternoon walks, the sadistic hair-brushing, the petty tyrannies of nursery and schoolroom, the incompetent governesses. It's a wonder indeed that any well-born English girl of the Twenties ever learnt to read and write. Yet, like Jessica Mitford, Violet Powell dashes at her autobiography with a rattling spontaneity that may owe something to the very incompetence of Miss Gare and Miss Drout: a natural appetite for words and books was never blunted by their too close association with 'lessons'.

It is a lively, warm family life that she chronicles, based on a home in Oxfordshire, with visits to London and an annual excursion to the Pakenham seat in Ireland. It was also, for the children, a strangely sealed-off life, with nannies, governesses, servants, and the rituals they imposed, all muffling the impact of the world outside. When they played games in Hyde Park, it was 'with a gang of doubly-screened children, for not only did all the parents have to approve, but all the attendants had to be on speaking terms'; and the nanny-less children they met at a seaside lodging struck the young Pakenhams as leading an enviably happy and carefree life. Certainly all Violet's efforts – to join the local Guides (and risk catching an 'accent'), to go to school, to make her own friends – were in the direction of coming closer to ordinary experience; and at the end of the book, a London season behind her, she is following her elder sisters in planning 'to escape from what they regarded as the social treadmill, and get into a world where life, if not real, was at least earnest.'

'We lived with the basic realities of sickness, death, unemployment', says Mary Craddock of her childhood in a Durham pit village where life was at once tough and earnest, rich and gay. At five, she was a useful member of the family, trotting to the butcher's for two penn'orth of pease pudding and a pound of potted meat. She was never shut out from their problems – whether Ted should go to the Tech, or Fred get married – and knew exactly what was going on when the Means Test man called: 'the State had invaded our privacy.' So it did for ten years; and when her elder sister qualified as a teacher, she could not live at home, could not even visit at weekends (though she did, surreptitiously), without risking the family's relief. In this plain, gritty story, all the bad words – unemployment, assistance, Means Test, redundant ('bloody useless, we call it') – are spelt out in terms of human lives.

The Craddocks had their family rituals and priorities, as had the Pakenhams in North Aston Hall, but they all had to do with matters of importance. When Father came in from the pit, he would strip to the waist, have his tub-wash in front of the fire while Mother scrubbed his back, and be given first refusal of any food in the house. When he was laid off, and his son was the family breadwinner, Fred's back was scrubbed, Fred's needs first to be seen to. The moral code was firm, sometimes harsh; no tick – 'if you couldn't pay, you did without'; and a girl who was pregnant before marriage had to be sent out of the district. The life of pit and labour-exchange, poss-tub and Store Club, was hard and often bleak; but the Craddocks always had something to laugh about. It might be the stubbornness of an old dying atheist ('you'll have to stop alive to see that chapel folks don't bury you'), or the giant leeks which burst in the judge's hands because their grower had doctored them (Father merely washed his in milk), or Father's temporary employment as a road-sweeper. He'd always mocked the Council and its servants; now with huge glee he set himself to give the regulars a lesson in deportment and zeal. That episode wasn't only funny; at last he had a job again, and a wage, and his self-respect, and to hell with the Means Test man. Father is indeed both victim and hero in the family story. On him fell the worst of the blows; but he kept them all going by his humour, his vitality, his faith. Above all, by his faith in education, his passion that his children should get what he hadn't.

It makes the governesses look rather silly.

JANET ADAM SMITH

English Brecht

Plays, Vol. I. By BERTOLT BRECHT. *Methuen.* 25*s*.

Here, at last, we have Brecht, or half of him, translated into a language that resembles the Queen's English rather than German-American. *Translated*? Are the works of a poet (which Brecht certainly was, and a great one) really translatable into any foreign tongue? It's the oldest of literary chestnuts, and expects no answer. But, necessarily, translation involves subtraction. It leaves a remainder. The most useful thing that a reviewer can do, who knows the original tolerably well, is to estimate this remainder. Certainly it's hard, when one's happily enjoying x minus 1, to be told how much more enjoyable would be x by itself. But I, for one, would always rather be told. And, after all, the condition is curable: did not the young Joyce learn Norwegian for love of Ibsen?

Very personally, then, what do I miss when I read English versions, like the present, of the *Caucasian Chalk Circle*, *Lucullus*, the *Threepenny Opera* and *Galileo*? Chiefly:

The ADVENTURERS

Margot Heinemann

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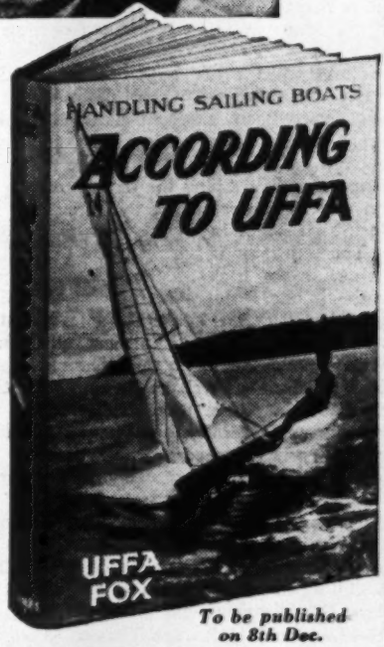

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Brecht's wit. It's not easy to pin down this quality exactly; and wit, the nearest word I can find, may be misleading – it is nothing like the wit of the English Metaphysicals. (On reflection: this is not quite true – there are seventeenth-century, baroque elements in, say, *Mother Courage* or *Galileo*, which *are* like the wit of the Metaphysicals.) I can only suggest what I mean by a negative observation: Brecht's dialogue can sound oddly flat in English; in German, even in Brecht's poorer plays, it is never that. For, contrary to the image of a folksy, earthy, plain-speaking Brecht that has sometimes been projected over here (with the Schiffbauerdamm as a kind of Stratford-East-Berlin), Brecht is a highly mannered and sophisticated writer. His dialogue relies very much on an artificial idiom, on those slight, purposeful variations from the norm that constitute wit. One can argue that this is a weakness, perhaps; but it is certainly what keeps alive his early plays of the Twenties, like *Mann ist Mann*, when other plays of the period, like Georg Kaiser's *From Morning to Midnight*, have come to ring pretty hollow (at least, that was my impression when I saw both of them in Germany a month ago). The variations may be slight indeed; but between Grusha's truculent reply to her lover Simon that she's good enough for any work, and *'es hat sich noch keiner beschwert'*, and the translator's 'so far no one has complained', something has got lost. That something is wit.

The translator is hardly to be blamed for this. For the trick of Brecht's wit, though a simple one, is not to be reproduced in English. The trick is to take the mickey out of the German language. In a sense, all German writers have had to do this; Thomas Mann, Kafka, Musil, as well as Brecht. High German is a language that was born into the bureaucracy (literally – it was the language of the princely chancelleries, not of the people) and it has never contrived to kick itself free. German schoolchildren do not write as they speak; they are taught to write this dead, dry language of the clerks. A writer has either to go back to the folk tradition, as Brecht often did, or he must use this Establishment dialect to ridicule the Establishment. Kafka and Thomas Mann and Musil do this; and so, more consciously and deliberately, does Brecht. Brecht's private battle with the German language is thus a part of his life-long public battle with the Establishment. By translating him, we are likely to lose more than his wit: for his wit has a political point.

This, then, is the remainder; and it is a loss that no translator can hope to make good. Unless – and it is a big unless – he is a poet of gifts comparable to Brecht's own. There is only one English poet alive who fits this measure: W. H. Auden. The other translations in this volume – by Tania and James Stern, Eric Bentley, Desmond I. Vesey and H. R. Hays – are extremely competent (only the *Notes to the Threepenny Opera* fall below the average: they were difficult in German; they are incomprehensible in English), and the volume itself is excellently edited and produced. But it seems to me that the poems from the *Caucasian Chalk Circle* are the one thing in the volume that is, in the true sense of the word, translated: they have been translated from the German to the English Parnassus:

> Two summers and two winters
> A poor man judged the poor
> And on the wreck of justice
> He brought them safe to shore
> For he spoke in the mob-language
> That the mob understands.
> I, I, I, cried Azdak
> Take bribes from empty hands.

Of course, this is Auden (with a dash of Yeats); but it has wit. Brecht, a great adapter of other men's verse, would surely have preferred it that way.

JOHN MANDER

The Bureaucracy of War

Defence by Committee: The British Committee of Imperial Defence 1885-1959. By FRANKLYN ARTHUR JOHNSON. *Oxford. 50s.*

'War created the modern state.' This was one of Werner Sombart's stimulating generalisations – too stimulating perhaps to be altogether true. There can be less question that war, and the preparations for war, create a bureaucrat's paradise of committees. How well one knows those charts showing the hierarchy of authorities – sub-committees, deputies, joint boards, and somewhere, rather shamefacedly, a responsible minister, whose job it is to conceal from parliament what is going on. The keystone of this structure in Great Britain was the Committee of Imperial Defence, established in 1904, but with an ancestry going back 20 years earlier and with a present-day progeny almost as numerous as that of Abraham. The CID was never much given to publicity. Once established as an advisory body directed by the Prime Minister, it lived an obscure existence, preparing without fuss for the war of 1914. In later times it has produced the Chiefs of Staffs Committee; and has finally been superseded by the Minister of Defence, who is himself a one-man committee, buttressed by countless others. One would have said at a guess that its record has been too confidential to provide material for a book; but a good deal has leaked out over the years – casual references and explanations in parliament fragmentary accounts in reminiscences. Professor Johnson has also benefited from talks with many of the participants, especially with Lord Hankey, who was the central figure in the CID for 30 years. From all these sources he has pieced together a remarkably coherent account, which is a most valuable addition to our knowledge of recent British history.

The task of co-ordination was threefold: first and most obvious between the fighting services; second between these and the civil departments; last between Great Britain and the Dominions. The CID tackled all three tasks with varying success – sometimes producing solid achievement, often failing from its lack of executive authority. It did best where it could operate quietly on its own, as it did in devising the War Book before both world wars. This was an attractive bureaucrat's game, working out in detail every conceivable step which the outbreak of war would involve. One can imagine the excitement when some eager clerk pointed out that they had still to make regulations for, say, the British post office in Tangier. This does not help us much towards answering the question how far the CID solved the problem of making war in a democracy. Professor Johnson largely ignores this problem. He analyses the peacetime structure in detail, but fails to consider how it worked when put to the test. The answer seems to be that it hardly worked at all. On the outbreak of war in 1914 there was still no co-ordination of strategy between army and navy, despite 10 years' work by the CID; and the actual strategy of sending an

expeditionary force to France was hastily decided by an *ad hoc* 'council of war' summoned by Asquith on the afternoon of 5 August (there was no second meeting by this council, despite Professor Johnson's statement to the contrary – the second 'council', often referred to in the books, was the cabinet). Thereafter the war ran in a chaos, until Lloyd George swept the whole system – or lack of it – away and substituted a dictatorial war cabinet run by himself. In the second world war also, the elaborate structure of committees only produced confusion until Churchill made himself dictator as minister of defence. Professor Johnson does not put the post-war system to a practical test. Suez did so; and it showed that the incompetence and confusion were as great as ever. In short the CID and its successor make an ingenious exercise for the historian of administration; but administration can never take the place of government, though it often tries to do so. Only statesmen can bring success in war – or in anything else; and lacking great statesmen, the most perfect administrative system loses all virtue. The CID deserves a footnote in the history of the two world wars; Lloyd George and Churchill provide the text. Professor Johnson has written a useful and accurate footnote; it would have been a better footnote if it had been half as long.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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Holiday with Murder takes Sir Lewker Abercrombie to Majorca with a bunch of peculiar tourists, well assorted for crime. Among them figures a young man who has just been acquitted at the Old Bailey of poisoning his wife: and poison, the very same poison, takes toll of the party. The scenery is magnificent; the plot, in spite of an elaborate false trail, not very deceptive; and the characters all very fanciful and rather entertaining. Sir Lewker himself, with his

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

obsession for literary quotations, may rankle, but the comic Spanish detective talking prep school English will compensate. Mr Carr specialises in crime on the rocks; and, sure enough, the villain dangles spectacularly at last from a crag.

Black magic make an unwarrantable intrusion in detection, and the title *Mr Diabolo* arouses misgivings; but Mr Lejeune only makes use of the old legend at his College of Western Studies for legitimate fancy dress. At an Anglo-American conference in the College the devil puts in an appearance, and a murder soon follows – in a locked room inevitably, by devilish ingenuity. (There is a plan of the College on the frontispiece which will *not* help any one to solve the mystery.) Mr Lejeune has contrived some plausible Anglo-American characters and indulges them in some lively conversation; but the wise reader will fix his eye firmly on their actions and let their idle talk hum overhead.

Murder Out of School, by a newcomer to detection, can be warmly recommended for intelligent writing, endearing characters, a sympathetic stance on race relations, and a crescendo of excitement. The hero amateur detective is a schoolmaster in a North American city where the Puerto Ricans have recently moved in. One of his Puerto Rican boys, a prize pupil, is arrested for threatening a grocer with a gun: the boy admits he did so and refuses an explanation. The hero starts ferreting, and so murder ensues. Mr Ross loads his narrative cunningly with precise details; and his book reads more like an authentic crime report than work of fiction.

A Touch of Stage Fright is staged on a small island off the coast of Connecticut, where a tycoon of Broadway is blown to blazes in the course of a jolly week-end among theatrical folk; and one might as well close one's eyes and take a pin to pick out the culprit. For Mr Davey is a pretentious writer, far more concerned to brandish his Eng Lit than to tidy his plot. Because of this propensity we are obliged to swallow copious draughts of *Love for Love*, *Oedipus Rex* and *Medea* before getting down to brass tacks, of which there are precious few.

The Adventure of a Christmas Pudding is a collection of six short detective stories, five of them problems for Poirot and one for Miss Marple. None of the six slices contains a genuine silver threepenny bit for our satisfaction; and although they seem compounded to the usual Christie recipe, some deceptive spice or other appears to have been omitted. Yet no reader should develop illusions. He may keep abreast of Mrs Christie running in very low gear on this magazine stuff; but wait till she steps on the gas in earnest!

The Slender Thread, as sophisticated and enthralling a thriller as one could hope to come across, is labelled 'a novel of suspense' by the publisher, with reason. From page two, where the misanthropic author steps out on to the porch of his lonely shack in the Vermont hills and sees the small boy sitting motionless in the rocking-chair, the reader is securely hooked. Why is the boy so small? Why is he barefoot? Why does he not know his name? The misanthrope, who has mastered troubles of his own in the past, softens to the mysterious boy – and the hunt is up. P. J. Merrill's hero is not too heroic, his libido is ambivalent, and when he is not plunged in ethical predicaments he is racked with anxiety or heading for disaster. A splendid book!

As Miss Mitchell's detective plots have developed the exasperating habit of going haywire, it is a relief to find that her latest book is a plain thriller. In *Say It With Flowers* the flowers are Phlox and Marigold Carmichael, a pair of homespun archaeologists in sandals, whose nefarious activities rouse Dame Lestrange Bradley from her lair. We find a skeleton pretending to be ancient Roman in Hampshire, a body on top of a tower and another near Hadrian's Roman Wall. (This last, incidentally, is never accounted for that I could discover.) But Miss Mitchell's powerful prose and even more powerful imagination surmounts all trivial inconsistencies of time and place. If only she could stay on the main line and not wander off into sidings, what a performance might she not achieve!

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,606 **Set by Carol Lewis**

The usual prizes are offered for limericks either on any living English or American playwright or on one of the more familiar business tycoons. Entries by 13 December.

Result of No. 1,603 **Set by Lambeth Boy**

The usual prizes are offered for either the opening of, or an excerpt from, the conversation between His Holiness Pope John XXIII and His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Maximum length 150 words (Vicky barred).

Report

A large but disappointing entry. A number of competitors took the competition entirely seriously, and there were few genuine epigrams. I'd rather expected to be deluged with squibs on the lines of 'Long time no Holy See', or 'Tell me, Archbishop, do you like your steak medium or well done?'

Instead, we got some learned theological discussions and elaborate talk about vestments (though nobody thought of the obvious Ronald Knox joke: 'I admire those accordion pleats of yours, Your Grace. Could you give me the name of your laundress?'). Favourite conversational topics were *Non Angli sed Angeli*, the Bishop of Gibraltar (in whose diocese the Pope resides) and Lady Chatterley. Dr Fisher usually seemed to be heavily on the defensive, the Pope's attitude ranging from the chilly 'Four hundred years are not easily erased, Mr Fisher' (R. S. Byram), to the insidious 'Presumably you wear gaiters as protection against your so inclement climate. How a Red Hat would become you, a Crimson Cloak warm you!' (J. Price). The four entries published below share the prize-money. J. A. Lindon, P. W. R. Foot and L. L. Katan are highly commended.

ARCH: Well, this *is* a pleasure!
JOHN: Yes, Rome is a pleasant place. *(pushes across cigarette box)*
ARCH: Thank you, your Holiness; no. It is one vice I haven't got.
JOHN: *(chuckles)* Doubtless; but I feel sure if it were a vice your Grace would have it. *(both laugh)*
ARCH: *(coughs and pushes spectacles on forehead)*
JOHN: Had your Bishop of Gibraltar here the other day; very nice I thought him. It seems I am in his Diocese.
ARCH: *(spectacles drop on nose)* Bless my soul! So you are. Quite a coincidence, what?
JOHN: Holy Church is full of coincidence. Take us, for example. John and Fisher separately, yet together one of England's great names – Blessed John Fisher. *(quotes)* 'Nonne greges pascuntur a pastoribus?'
ARCH: I beg pardon?

JOHN: The Gospel according to St John, you know, appointed for John Fisher's day; another coincidence, a XXIII like me, 23 June.
ARCH: Well, I . . . *(pauses and puts spectacles on forehead)*
JOHN: *(rings. Coffee and lemonade are served.)*

W. G. DAISH

POPE: Salve, Piscator venerande!
ARCHBISHOP: Salve tu quoque, Pater sanctissime! Tu quoque piscator es, quippe qui in cathedra Petri sedeas.
P: Spero te nostros pisces captare non conari!
A: Immo! Suum cuique aquarium!
P: Hem! Quam eleganter Latine loqueris!
A: Nimirum eram olim ludi magister, et linguam Latinam docebam.
P: Spero discipulos bonos et obedientes fuisse.
A: Non Angeli erant, sed Angli.
P: Et, ut opinor, Anglicani. Sed dic mihi, Piscator venerande, quare vestimenta gestas tam ridicula?
A: Hic petasus excelsus, hae fasciae crurales, olim episcopos equestres esse significabant. Sed pontifices vestri tunicas longas portant, quasi sartoria arte nondum inventa. Quare non bracas gestant?
P: De his maximis rebus, alias, si placet, disputabimus.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

P: So you've made it at last, your Grace. Buon viaggio?
A: Tolerable, thanks, Holiness. I wish they hadn't served me fatted calf: veal disagrees with me.
P: Have a little wine for your stomach's sake . . . Lacrima Christi?
A: Thank you. I prefer lacrimae Petri.
P: May we welcome you as a son?
A: Oh no. I come as a friend.
P: As one fisherman to another, what's the catch?
A: Red herrings and a few displaced priests. If Billy Graham fails again, we shall have to try incense.
P: Are you sound on marriage?
A: We discourage it as much as we can . . . We also recognise Roman Orders, you know. We have a clergy superannuation scheme –
P: *(interrupting)* Wasn't there some story about a Bishop and a gamekeeper's mistress?
A: We rely on our Bishops to show discretion. But we have barred the lady from the Sacrament.
P: Bravo!' England will be Catholic yet!

(They withdraw to an inner sanctum, exchanging pleasantries.)

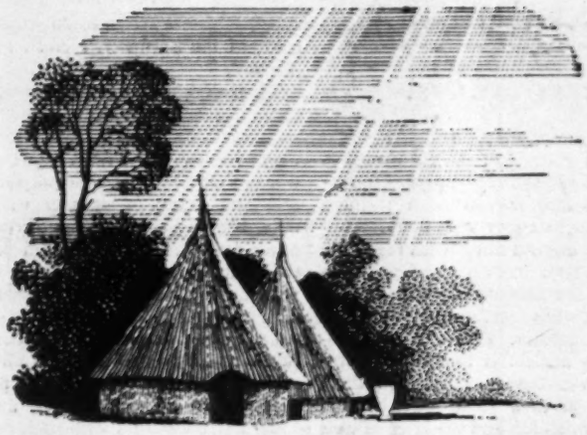
(The ghosts of Darwin, Marx, Freud, Einstein and D. H. Lawrence appear upstage, gently intone 'Non serviam!', *and disappear.)*

FRANK O'HARA

P: Welcome Your Grace! Our meeting is long overdue – especially as I believe I am in the diocese of one of your suffragans.
A: Ah yes! Rome is included in the jurisdiction of our Bishop of Gibraltar.
P: And how is Signora Fisher? I regret that in the Vatican she must temporarily be regarded as having no canonical existence; but I directed that Sister Ambrosia (a charmingly tactful woman) should chaperone her during our interview.
A: I understand, Holiness. Our great Queen Elizabeth I held much the same views as Your Holiness on that question.
P: Indeed – a wonderful woman in her way! My dear Archbishop, it is already evident that we think alike on many subjects. Ultimately corporate reunion must come. Take infallibility, for instance. Before I was Pope I believed in infallibility; now I *feel* it.
A: What does infallibility feel like, Holiness?
P: Like nothing on earth!
A: I know that feeling myself . . .

ALFRED EDWARDS

R. H. S. Crossman's review of new Middle East books, announced last week, is held over.



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The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

The once commonplace spectacle of a correctly pruned plantation of nut-trees has become rare and strange. The proper cultivation of cobnuts and filberts as a farming operation is almost extinct and many, probably most, of the English nuts which reach the markets are harvested from old plantations in which the trees are allowed to grow as they like and produce what they can without much help from the farmer. One curious consequence of this neglect is that those farms which still have a few nut-trees find them quite profitable in their small way because there is little competition and the price of nuts is high.

There remain a few properly maintained plantations – I know of only one myself – and no horticultural spectacle presents a more pleasingly artificial appearance. The trees, set in the field with geometrical exactitude and symmetry, are trained from infancy into the shape of a wheel, the short trunk forming the axle, the seven branches the spokes, and the mass of twiggy growth which bears the fruit, the rim. The finished product, however old, and it may be a century or more, is not so tall as a man, and so perfectly regular and like all its fellows that it looks less like a tree than an artefact which, indeed, it is.

When, in February, the trees are decorated with yellow catkins releasing clouds of pollen visible as a golden haze, and with the myriad little crimson tufts which are the female flowers, it is impossible not be certain that taste has had as much to do with the development of the nut-cutter's craft, as expediency has had.

To maintain a vigorous, rangy, suckering shrub in this unnatural form requires unremitting work by skilled hands. The nut-cutter worked in winter with a short curved knife whose shape has not changed for a couple of thousand years; in summer with his fingers only, bending and breaking certain stems but never quite removing them, in such a way as to bleed the tree of sap which would otherwise have stimulated the unwanted growth. This work called for judgment, thought and time. Furthermore the cultivation of the soil itself, and its manuring, was all handiwork: nut plantations were neither ploughed nor harrowed nor *shimmed*, but dug over with long, narrow spades with such precision as to produce one of those soil surface textures of such exquisite regularity that they delight the eye – at least my eye – in well farmed country. (This craft of finishing the surface of a cultivated field in a pleasing pattern reaches its zenith in the charming irrigation patterns of the Canarios peasants.)

But not only would it now be ruinously dear to put so many skilled-man-hours into a nut plantation; it would be impossible, the countryside has not the men. Skills are not lost: they can be recalled and taught. But hands cannot be recalled from the cities. Mechanisation has saved other cultures, but you cannot mechanise nut-cutting, nor can cultivating machinery conveniently be used under low, spreading shrubs which almost touch each other across the alleys. The solution has been to abandon the trees to their own devices, grass down under them, and take-or-leave the reduced crop.

The commonness of hazel-nut trees in our hedgerows and coppices has led to a vague, general notion that filberts and cobnuts are cultivars derived from the native *Corylus avellana* transplanted into gardens and plantations. In a sense this is true, but the job was done some thousands of years ago, and in Asia. The presence of the small native nuts would not have prevented the Romans from bringing in their own superior varieties. The Pontic Nuts, brought into Italy from Herakleia by way of Abellana, after which place Pliny named them, were the raw material with which our own and other European breeders worked to produce better kinds. There were, and for that matter still are, a great many varieties, but I doubt whether more than two are now commonly to be met with in Britain, and both were reared in the 19th century, the golden age of fruit breeding.

The famous Kentish Cob, which isn't a cob but a filbert, made its debut at Goudhurst in Kent in 1830 and was known at first by its breeder's name as Lambert's Filbert. A few years before that the Cosford Cob began to colonise English gardens from its native Suffolk. A cob-nut, by the way, is round and fat and set in its husk almost like an acorn in its cup, whereas a filbert is long and flat and completely covered by the husk which extends beyond it, in such a manner that some say *filbert* means *full-beard*. Others claim that the nuts were named for St Philibert, but have no very convincing explanations of why this honour should have been conferred on that particular saint.

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City Lights

TAURUS

The important and the prudent abandoned the party some months ago to those happy drunkards who refused to believe that share prices go down as well as up. The awakening, held off for two last rosy weeks by the Ford bid, was rude: prices fell sharply and generally on both Thursday and Friday of last week and more sharply still (the weekend 'buy! buy!' boys were silent for once) on Monday. No market goes down as sharply and uninterruptedly as this for long; bargain-hunters apart, professional bears are anxious to take their profit while the going is still good. But share prices now seem definitely to be on the way down, and a good deal of what has happened in the market, not only in the past six months but in the past year, may turn out before long to have been inconsequential froth.

Prices generally are now about an eighth off the top, and the thorough pessimists suggest that they may have to fall nearly as far again before touching bottom. If these pessimists are wrong, it will be because dividends have risen so much in the past year that yields will soon begin to look attractive; the fact that we may now be moving into a period when dividend cuts will no longer be an unfortunate freak of nature is not yet taken seriously.

The every-man-a-capitalist fashion has not yet been taken nearly as far here as in America, but it is already beginning to produce similar results. For one thing, the stock market can no longer claim to be a business barometer: its reactions are now too slow. Professional investment advisers, here as in America, have been considerably embarrassed to find themselves taking their clients out of the market a good many months before the break took place; the business of guessing what the next chap is going to do becomes a lot more complicated when he is a novice.

For another thing, the facts that more people now have a personal interest in the stock market and that prices tend to go down just when everyone is already worried about profits, or employment, or HP instalments, or exports, tend to amplify the oscillations of the business cycle. The behaviour of the stock market is now an important element in the business climate and a fall in prices helps to intensify the general mood of gloom. The government is having to spend so much energy on maintaining its austere refusal to relax restrictions that it will soon have little left to reflect on their usefulness.

* * *

A spate of rumours about HP finance houses helped to trigger off last week's fall in share prices. There is no doubt that the late dash for freedom tempted many small houses into madness and many big houses into an emulative semi-madness: HP companies generally were not only mulcted by dishonest dealers but are now finding that people cajoled into buying expensive cars when overtime was brisk can no longer keep up their payments. English workers no doubt are honest and will eventually pay off their mistakes – the HP houses certainly prefer to take five shillings a week on trust rather than repossess a car they can sell only at a crippling loss – but bad-debt ratios have risen to a quite

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un-English level and three companies have already been forced to admit heavy losses.

The latest crop of rumours centred around two respectable houses, both of which eventually issued statements which were intended to be reassuring but were too vague quite to reassure; the City is no happier about the large HP firms which are connected with banks and which can either conceal losses through a juggling of secret reserves or ride them out on overdraft.

It is hardly surprising that the larger HP houses, while licking their wounds, should belatedly have decided to establish an American-style credit-rating service. The fact that seven of them are setting up a service of their own rather than encouraging the industry to develop the service already provided by the HP Trade Association, suggests that it is intended eventually to be all-embracing. It is interesting to find that United Dominions Trust, the largest of the HP houses, is having nothing to do with the new scheme, for much the same reasons of size and personality, no doubt, as make the Halifax refuse to go along with the Building Societies Association. Building societies and their would-be customers, by the way, may be one of the few beneficiaries of the latest rush for liquidity.

* * *

The rest of the week makes a sardine-tin of a paragraph: Mr Anderson's hopeless, dinosaur assault on a budget-conscious Germany . . . Ford, like the other big motor companies, on a four-day week . . . General Electric attempting to rid itself of surplus refrigerators and cookers with price-cuts almost too small to be noticed . . . the FBI at last deciding that growth should be the first aim of economic policy and nearly ready to accept the co-ordination of public and private investment plans . . . the sterling balances (a typically Treasury hotch-potch of arbitrary figures) suggesting that good deal of the recent inflow of hot money has gone into unorthodox places . . . and the English Electric/General Electric merger off, presumably because of a failure to agree terms . . . two newspaper scoops still-born: the *Guardian's* report of a Guinness-Courage merger, and the *Mail's* story of an American bid for Handley-Page.

Company News

Army & Navy and *Gorringes*, two quiet stores in the up-and-coming Victoria Street area, have both been the subject of bid rumours for years past: the news that Army & Navy is to bid for Gorringes was good for the latter's shares but understandably disappointing for the former's.

BSA is proposing to use its spare cash, as expected, for diversification: its £8.5m bid for *Churchill Machine Tool* will take rather more cash than it has, but Churchill has quite a chunk of its own.

South Durham, the first of the steel companies to report, is too much at the heavy end of the scale to produce anything exciting: gross profits are scarcely up, and only a sharp increase in investment allowances on its expansion schemes offsets the additional cost of interest on loans.

Mr Wolfson's *Great Universal Stores* has reported a nine per cent increase in half-year profits.

The Chess Board

No. 577. Winning a Win

Most of us should have learned from bitter experience that a 'winning position' has yet to be won; and whoever wants some highly authoritative confirmation should appreciate what Emanuel Lasker said when asked to commiserate with Harold Lommer about 'a clear win thrown away'. – 'Every game', said the great man, 'must be won twice. First you must achieve a winning position. Then you must win it.' The truth of this may well have struck Lommer's opponent in a most interesting ending recently played in Valencia, and, indeed, remindful of a very famous ending saved by the great Emanuel against his namesake Edward Lasker at New York, 1924. Now here's the position when Lommer's opponent (and a good many onlookers) wondered why so famous an endgame expert wouldn't resign when two pawns down in what seemed a hopelessly lost ending. /16/5k2/5P1P/4K3/5Kt2/6kt1/8/. Here's the actual sequel:

1) P-R6, K-B2; 2) P-R7, K-Kt2; 3) Kt-Kt5, Kt-R5; 4) P-B6 ch, K-R1; 5) P-B7, Kt-Kt3; 6) K-B5, K-Kt2; 7) K-K6, Kt-R1; 8) P=Q ch, KxQ; 9) K-B6, K-K1; 10) K-Kt7, K-K2; 11) KxKt, K-B1.

Lommer's comment: 'White should have played 2) K-K5!, but after 3) Kt-Kt5 the draw was inevitable.' Along with this interesting ending, our Hon. Juror sent me the welcome news that his colleague André Chéron is recuperating from his illness and that their joint and painstaking labours on our International Study Competition are nearing completion sufficiently fast for me to announce the result in the 31 December issue.

Now here's an amusing though far from flawless little game sent in by J. H. Rule:

1) P-K4, P-K4; 2) P-KB4, PxP; 3) Kt-KB3, P-Q4; 4) Kt-QB3, PxP; 5) KtxP, Q-K2; 6) Q-K2, B-KKt5; 7) P-Q3, BxKt; 8) PxB, Kt-QB3; 9) P-QB3, Q-R5 ch; 10) Kt-B2 ch, B-K2; 11) R-KKt1, Kt-KB3; 12) RxP, 0-0-0; 13) RxBP, KR-K1; 14) B-R3 ch, K-Kt1; 15) B-K6, B-B4; 16) P-Q4, BxP; 17) PxB, KtxP and soon won.

An equally well deserved chessbook voucher, this "Readers' Own" week, will go to H. Garfath who sent me this interesting correspondence game recently played against K. M. Oliff (White).

1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2) P-QB4, P-K3; 3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; 4) P-K3, P-B4; 5) P-QR3, BxKt; 6) PxB, P-QKt3; 7) B-Q3, B-Kt2; 8) P-B3, 0-0; 9) P-K4, Kt-K1; 10) Kt-K2, QKt-B3; 11) B-K3, P-Q3; 12) Kt-Kt3, Q-Q2; 13) Q-B2, P-Kt3; 14) P-KR4, P-K4; 15) PxBP, KtPxP; 16) P-R5, Kt-R4; 17) R-QKt1, B-R3; 18) Q-Q2, Kt-KKt2; 19) B-R6Q-K2; 20) K-B2, KR-Kt1; 21) BxKt, RxR; 22) Q-R6, RxR; 23) Kt-B5, PxKt; 24) B-B6, QxB; 25) QxQ, RxP; 26) PxP, BxP; 27) P-Kt4, R-R7 ch; 28) K-Kt3, R-QKt7; 29) Q-Kt5 ch K-R1; 30) Q-B6 ch, and White took the draw by perpetual; certainly safer than trying for 29) Q-R6, P-B3; 30) BxB ch, KtxB; 31) QxBP.

A: L. Rellstab, 1960

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black, blissfully unaware of mortal danger played . . . P-Kt5. Why was he forced to resign after White's next move? **B**, a win for White, is as home-made as it should be in a Readers' Own week. While this a bargain for 6 ladder points **C** is none too easy for 7. A very brilliant study, remarkable for Black's powerful resources just failing to thwart White's ultimate win. Usual prizes. Entries by 12th December.

B: R. T. Waterfield, 1960: /48/pp1KKt3/1k2B3/.

C: A. O. Herbstmann, 1936: /6Ktk/4R2p/5R2/8/5p1K/4b3/4r1p1/5b2/.

REPORT on No. 574 Set 12 November

A: 1) Kt-K7 ch, RxKt; 2) Q-R8 ch, B-Kt1; 3) QxB ch, etc.

B: 1) Kt-Kt2!, PxKt ep (forced); 2) K-Kt1, BxP; 3) P-Q7!, PxP; 4) P=Kt! ! and wins. But 4) P=Q?, B-B3! leads to a draw; and the Kt-promotion of the QP would lose the Kt after . . . B-Q4.

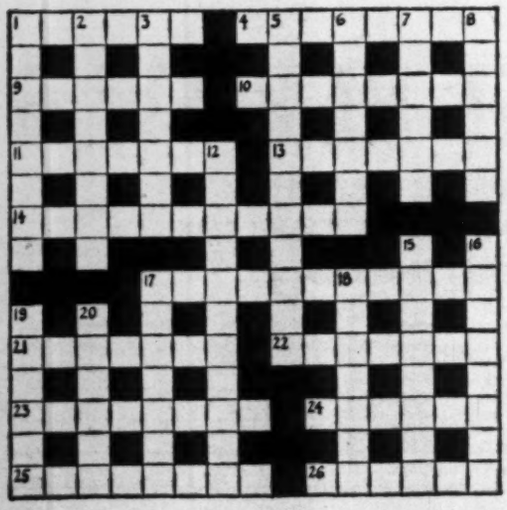
C: 1) B-B6!, R-Kt8 ch; 2) K-K2, RxQ; 3) B-Kt2 ch!!, KxB; 4) Kt-B4 ch, K-Kt8; 5) K-K1, P-Kt7; 6) Kt-K2 mate.

Many flawless solutions. Prizes: G. Abrahams, R. C. Chaturvedi, E. Harrison, J. Mitchell, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 434

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 434, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 13 December.



ACROSS

1. Complete one page as a stimulus (6).
4. Separate from a journal (8).
9. Lower and catch a woman (6).
10. Only a tip arranged into a hair style (8).
11. 'The ———, the lover, and the poet' (*M.N.D.*) (7).
13. Tying place makes the animal cry with fury (7).
14. Splashed with deep batters (11).
17. A distant and slight wind, it fills out the dress (11).
21. Oil redistribution after a journey from the North African city (7).
22. 'I have nothing to ——— except my genius' (Wilde) (7).
23. Yardstick of a regime in Cyprus? (8).
24. Replacement when the arbitrator is indisposed? (6).
25. Pattern for a flag (8).
26. Spider's web forced open (6).

DOWN

1. Cool cards or groups of enthusiasts (8).
2. The linguist puts a vessel in the register (8).
3. Potentially I retain what is passive (7).
5. A man about to go climbing and walking is manhandled (11)
6. Do a play badly in what the aircraft carries (7).
7. I introduce a prohibition about an advertisement for a place in Africa (6).
8. Poet and peasant? (6).
12. Provide the fare and something sustaining for grub (11).
15. Complaints from the dons of Somerville? (8).
16. Showed there is meat in a climbing animal (8).
17. Flat on the ground stumped (7).
18. Kind of physics which makes a letter obvious (7).
19. Sticks employees (6).
20. Sensitive plant (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 432

G	O	O	D	W	O	O	D		I	A	M	B	U	S
A									C		I	L	B	M	U	I
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O								R								
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S	T	I	F	F		N	O	R	W	E	G	I	A	N		
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K		E		L		Y		I		N		O		E		
S	O	N	N	E	T		W	A	G	G	O	N	E	R		

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Social Welfare Organiser, male, preferably between 25 and 40, who will be responsible to Director of Social Welfare, for the training of Social Workers (African and European) at University and Sub-University levels. University degree or Diploma in Social Science, with experience in the training of Social Workers (especially Social Case Workers) essential. (A related degree in Economics, Psychology or Sociology would be acceptable if candidate has necessary experience). Post permanent and pensionable. Salary at appropriate point in scale £1,315 to £1,950 p.a. (Special interim allowance of 5% of salary also payable). Quarters at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Low income tax. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD.130/3/04/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

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LAWRENCE ALLEN,
Town Clerk.

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N. S. FISHER, Town Clerk.

FAMILY Caseworker required, to be responsible for work of Personal Service Department and Student training. Applicants should have professional qualifications and experience in supervision. Salary: AG & ECW Scales Organising Caseworker; according to experience. Further details and application forms from: Secretary, Leeds Council of Social Service, 6 Church Row, Kirkgate, Leeds, 2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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The Ethical Union intends to appoint a man or woman to form and maintain Humanist groups in large towns of the North or North Midlands. About six months' training will first be given in London. Previous experience of organising groups is not essential, but the post requires a convinced Humanist who will work without supervision. Salary: £1,000 per annum, plus expenses. Further details from: The Secretary, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

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Applications are invited for the post of Secretary of the Oriental Institute. Candidates, preferably aged 30-40, need not necessarily be graduates but should have secretarial qualifications and at least five years' experience of administrative work.

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ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS.

Applications invited from qualified women preferably holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, for post of Child Care Officer in Trowbridge. Salary within the scale of £665 to £975.

Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 12 December 1960.

EAST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications are invited from MARRIED COUPLES for appointment at a home for sixteen children aged 2-15 years in Bexhill, the wife to act as Housemother (annual salary £535-£660, plus £30 for Residential Child Care Certificate, less £120 for board residence); husband to follow normal employment but free board and lodging for some evening and weekend assistance. The appointment is superannuable and subject to medical examination. The home is adequately staffed with full and part time assistant Housemothers and with cooking and domestic help. The Housemother should preferably have training and experience in the care of children.

Application forms and particulars (s.a.e.) from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, returnable within ten days of this advertisement.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

Dr Barnardo's Homes

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UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Mathematical Statistics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 x 95 – £3,000 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £2,435 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustments will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 6 January 1961.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Science. The duties of the post will include lecturing and tutorial work in honours degree courses. Salary scale range £1,050-£1,850 per annum plus membership of FSSU and Child Allowances. Initial salary within range £1,050-£1,250 per annum. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, should be received not later than 17 December 1960 by the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Ref: CV/NS.

GRADUATE Master experienced in GCE work; English and General Subjects ('O' level). Required London Co-educational school. Burnham scale plus for really competent applicant. January 1961. Write Box B.1143, The Times, EC4.

WARDEN required Goldsmiths Community Centre, Catford, London, SE6. Salary according to qualifications to max. £705 per annum. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, two copies recent testimonials to the Chairman, North Downham & Hither Green Community Association at the above address by 19 December.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
CHILD WELFARE OFFICERS

Applications are invited from suitably qualified and/or experienced men and women for appointment as Child Welfare Officers for duty at one of nine Area Children's Offices in County of London. Duties as generally for social workers in the child care field. A considerable amount of travelling is involved.

Candidates should have adequate previous experience of child care or allied social work; possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or certificate in Applied Social Studies and/or appropriate academic qualifications and experience. Opportunities for promotion. Application forms and further details obtainable from the Children's Officer, (E1/NS/2877/11a), LCC, County Hall, London, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council, Norwood Technical College, Knight's Hill, SE27. Lecturer required on 1 January 1961 or as soon as possible thereafter, to be responsible for and to teach Liberal Studies to students in all departments. Salary £1,370 to £1,550 plus London allowance of £38 or £51. Increments within the scale for relevant experience. Application forms from the Principal, returnable within two weeks, enclose self-addressed foolscap envelope. Please quote (FE.3a/NS/2969/12).

BBC requires Research Assistant (British) for European Talks and English Service to evaluate and edit research material coming from Afro-Asian countries and Eastern Europe. Extensive knowledge of current affairs, experience in research work and ability to work under pressure essential. Duties will include script-writing and good literary style in English is an advantage. Candidates should have good working knowledge of two major European languages. Knowledge of Russian an advantage. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.586 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Production Assistant, School Broadcasting, Television, to contribute programme ideas, do research work, direct film sequences, and share in work of studio direction and programme administration. Will work under a Producer on preparation of Geography programmes for schools. Degree in Geography and interest in education of children between ages 10 and 15 essential. Experience of teaching and of film making or Television production additional qualifications. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.591 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC Television requires Assistant Film Librarian at Ealing to be responsible to Film Librarian for day-to-day supervision of Film Library and for liaison with other departments and external organisations making use of BBC film material. Required to deputise for Film Librarian in his absence. Knowledge of film library procedure, ability to select film material for permanent retention as stock shots and ability to control staff essential. Applicants should be experienced in handling 35 and 16 mm. film and editing equipment. Salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,185 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.583 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Dick Sheppard School, Tulse Hill, SW2. Would any well-qualified graduate be able to help with 'A' level Geography, Spring and Summer Term 1961, Wednesday and Friday mornings, or undertake Geography teaching throughout school on a part-time basis? Apply Headmistress, quoting (TS2/N/3069/12): TUL. 9421.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of clinical psychologist in the St Ebba's and Belmont Group (for duty at St Ebba's Hospital, Epsom). The applicant should have an honours degree in psychology followed by the requisite training in clinical psychology. A psychologist with an honours degree will be considered for the post if he is prepared to undertake comprehensive training in clinical psychology which will be provided. Applications, giving the names of two referees, should reach the Group Secretary, St Ebba's and Belmont Group Hospital Management Committee, Group Office, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey, not later than 12 December 1960.

MIDDLESEX County Council. County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for both pre- & after-care in Community Care Service. Adequate office accommodation & clerical assistance available. Offers scope for individual interest in this developing field of psychiatric social work. There is establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers, & a County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser has been appointed. Casework consultation with exper psychiatric social workers available for newly qualified. PTA quals & salary. Established Prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Particulars & 2 referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S' 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1 by 27 December. (Quote E 839 NS).

HOUSEMOTHER in Charge required for each of two Homes, (a) 13 children, 2-10 years, at Clacton-on-Sea, (b) 10 children, 4-15 years, at Romford. Salary £535 to £660 less £120 for emoluments plus £30 if holding Home Office Certificate. Previous experience or training essential. Apply: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

INTELLIGENT man wanted for interesting work, partly clerical, Holborn office. Tactful dealing 'phone problems and callers. Prospects. Bonus. Box 9050.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WARDEN required for Sea Mills Community Centre, Bristol. Salary on Scale APT Grade 1. Particulars and application form from Mr I. Green, 7 Elburton Road, Sea Mills, Bristol.

AS a result of the retirement of the present Matron the Jewish Blind Society invites applications for the post of Matron at its Bournemouth Holiday Home. Excellent accommodation. Contributory staff pension scheme. Persons with nursing experience should apply to The Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

BOYS' Preparatory Schools. Parents desiring vacancies and men and women seeking teaching appointments, also Matrons and Assistant Matrons, should apply to R. J. S. Curtis, MA (E), Hon. Sec., Public Relations Committee, Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, Hurst Court, Ore, Hastings.

THE Church Adoption Society. Assistant Secretary (lady) aged over 30 with experience in interviewing and home visits. Typing necessary. Able to drive car. Salary from £750 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Please write The Secretary, The Church Adoption Society, 4a Bloomsbury Square, London, WC1.

PUBLISHERS have opportunity for graduate male or female, to undertake advertising and publicity, able to give attention both to detail and the wider aspects of the work. 5-day week. Apply Chairman, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 68-74 Carter Lane, London, EC4.

WANTED woman for post in young company publishing technical journals. She needs to have (1) Organisational flair with a mind for details, (2) Enthusiasm for work at high pressure, (3) A pleasant mature personality, (4) Shorthand-typing speeds. Good salary and prospects. Box 9026.

SECRETARY able to write. Small publicity/PR partnership (no Madison Av) seek sec. with interest in underdeveloped countries, & urge (& ability) to write incisive English on own initiative. Good typing & intelligent handling of routine basic essentials. Good sal. Sumption, 2 Wyke Hse, 11 Castlebar Hill, W5.

SECRETARY, 22/35, good at figures, for Secretarial College. £700 and lunches. Good holidays. Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1 HYD. 1738/9.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

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WIDOWER (travelled) anxiously seeks enlightened lady keep home. Paramount: affection, feed two intelligent motherless schoolgirls 12, 16 (charwoman, rough work). Comfortable Hampstead flat, piano, television, records, books. Davis, 36 Compayne Gdns, Ldn, NW6. MAI. 6543.

SECRETARY, 20/25, for publishers W1. Genuine interest in Geography. Salary £550/£575. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

BOOKKEEPER/Wages Clerk wanted not just for bookkeeping but for a more interesting Permanent post dealing with people on our Temporary staff. Exp. of PAYE and some typing reqd. Responsible person able to use initiative. Good salary and prospects. No Sats. Acme Agency, 315 Oxford St, W1. (Opp. D. H. Evans). HYD. 4000.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

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INDIAN arts grad. (f), expd journalist, airline PR work, sks post. Box 9023.

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COLLECTORS Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd, W11 (posh end of course) invites you to acquire status and cultural prestige this Xmas by giving their signed original symbols – splendid o.k. pictures by top people for top people at indecently low prices. No better way exists of gaining acceptance and esteem. Christmas Present Sale starts 3 Dec. All day Saturdays: closed Thursdays. Sculpture, mainly Eastern and African, also on sale, but recommended mainly for self-giving and personal ego-identification. If unable to call please write for lists.

CHILDREN'S Lending Library, fiction and non-fiction. Subscribers welcomed from British Isles and overseas. Books personally recommended and selected by Librarian, if desired. Full details: Librarian, Parents' National Educational Union, Murray House, Vandon St, London, SW1.

COLLET'S Christmas Choice: Children's books from Russia; Seven Seas paperbacks; gift books from USSR, Eastern Europe, and China. See them at Collet's Bookshops, 64 Charing Cross Rd, WC2; 45 Museum St, WC1; 193 Haverstock Hill, NW3; 62 Carr Lane, Hull, or send for lists.

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PERSONAL

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WANTED: a cause. Young man, 25, adequate unearned income, will go anywhere, do anything, for nothing, in any worthwhile cause. Box 8658.

AFRICA – convey its new spirit with our Christmas cards (6d.). Africa Bureau (CS), 65 Denison House, SW1.

SOCIAL worker seeks self-contd. furn. accom. London 22 Dec.-2 Jan. Box 8918.

WOULD anyone like help form informal record-playing (classics) and/or discussion group Westcliff area contact Box 8915.

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HOME in Chilterns for mother and child, share exps, chores. Box 8751.

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YOUNG French students require accommodation as paying guests in English families, 11 days from 23 Dec. Box 8961.

WANTED: Woman student or Continental girl Au Pair in doctor's home, soonest possible until end Christmas vac. £2 wkly in exch. help children, house. Write 9 Eldorado Road, Cheltenham.

THE East London Family Service Unit needs voluntary helpers, including married couples, to work one evening a week or occasional weekends with small groups or individual children from problem families. 'Phone BIS. 9343.

ANGLICAN graduates and young prof people should contact Liddon House, diocesan centre for instruction, personal help, retreats etc, social contacts. Send for lit. 24 South Audley St, W1. GRO. 1684.

PIANISTS, Former Pianists, Would-be Pianists. A completely new and realistic home-study method. Based on written instructions, illustrations, musical texts, commentaries and LP Records, all lucidly presented by a teacher of international reputation. Two self-contained Courses. No. 1 for absolute beginners. No. 2 for those who can already play. Free Brochure from Pianophone Tuition Ltd, (Dept NS), 188 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

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For details contact ERNA LOW 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 8881-4.

SWITZERLAND Inexpensive Holidays 1961. Families with children can book Chalets through the Swiss Ass. of Family Hostels in quiet and remote regions. Rents approx. 5s. per day for adults, 3s. for children. Free folder from Solvis & Co., (NS). 37 Oxford St, W1. REG. 5736/7.

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PHILATELY. Attractive Approvals. British Colonials one penny. – NS, 177 Cricklewood Broadway, NW2.

LECTURES, etc.—contd. from p.908

DR Joseph Needham, FRS, an illustrated lecture on 'China and the Development of World Science' at Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, NW3, on Tuesday 6 December 1960, 7.45 p.m. for 8 p.m. Admission 1s. BCFA Hampstead Branch.

IS There a Scientific Ethic?' Dr W. E. Swinton, Sun. 11 a.m. 4 Dec., Chamber Music Concert. 6.30 p.m. 'The Relativity of our Reasoning.' J. Hutton Hynd, 6 Dec. 7.15 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture Wed. 7 Dec. 'The Growth and Development of the Buddhist Scriptures' Miss M. Winder. Also Sat. 10 Dec. at 3 p.m. The Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. For information ring TAT. 1313.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10: Suns. 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs. 8 Dec., 7.30. Kingsway Hall, Swami Ghanananda: 'Religion in Modern India'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 4 Dec., 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Atomic Predicament: a Way out?' M. Roshwald.

'SCIENCE of the Soul'. Public lecture, 4 Dec., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

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LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

Department of Social Study.
Session 1961-62

The University offers professional training extending over one calendar year for men and women with appropriate basic qualifications in Social Science who wish to prepare themselves for Psychiatric or Medical Social Work or the Child Care Service. Much of the theoretical work of these Courses is shared, but the practical training is in the field in which the student wishes to specialise. Grants are available where appropriate.

For further information apply to the Director of Studies, Department of Social Study, University of Edinburgh, 59 George Square, Edinburgh, 8.

CHARLES H. STEWART,
Secretary to the University.

ADVANCED COURSE IN RESIDENTIAL WORK WITH CHILDREN

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL, in co-operation with the Central Training Council in Child Care, provides a senior one-year course of training designed for experienced staff wishing to improve their qualification for posts of responsibility in such establishments as approved schools, children's homes, remand and reception centres and boarding special schools and homes for all kinds of handicapped children. Applications are now invited for the course starting in September 1961.

Candidates should be between the ages of 25 and 45 and must have had at least three years' residential experience with children. Preference will be given to those who already hold a recognised qualification in the education and care of children. Grants are available to cover fees, maintenance and expenses.

Enquiries to the Secretary, Central Training Council in Child Care, (59F) Home Office, Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, SW1.

Application forms, which can be obtained from this address, should be sent to the University of Bristol not later than 28 February.

THE University of Southampton offers vacancies in the One Year Certificate course in Social Casework beginning October 1961. This course leads to a professional qualification for an Almoner, Child Care Officer, Family Caseworker, Psychiatric Social Worker and Probation Officer. It is available to men and women who already possess a basic qualification in Social Studies. The University also offers courses leading to the basic qualification in Social Studies, Degree (31 January preceding the October session in which entry is sought is the last date of application for admission to the Degree course), Diploma or Certificate. Particulars and application forms for all courses, as well as for two Exhibitions offered by the University for the basic Social Studies Certificate course may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, The University, Southampton.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—continued

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Low fees. Prosp. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

EXPERIMENTAL Art Work. Painter (ARCA) proposes to start a course of twelve weekly lessons in Experimental Painting and Drawing, in January, with groups of four people. Perhaps anyone interested wd phone MOU. 3381 after 5 p.m.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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CHALK Farm to St Pancras. Cambridge grad. (f. 43) wants flat. Mod. rent 6 mths adv. and wld decorate. Unf. w. access to gdn pref. but not essent. Box 8906.

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'THESES on War' by Peter Cadogan. (2d.). A socialist theory of unilateralism 4d. post free; 9 for 1s. 5 Acton Way, Cambridge.

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TORY Ideas – Full details of Bow Group Literature Service from Dept N, Bow Group, 22 St Giles High Street, WC2.

GUIDE to Polaris; Who Owns the Press; New Pensions Bill. Labour Research, 1s. 2d. p.f. 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

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10 Dec.	Tannhauser

THEATRES

IN-STAGE brings 'Schrecks', an Evening of Hysteria, to 9 Fitzroy Square on Sunday, 11 December.

'EPITAPH for George Dillon'. French Institute Theatre, Queensberry Place, SW7 by the London Transport Dramatic Club. Fri. and Sat. 9 & 10 December at 7.15 p.m. Tickets: ABB. 5600 ext. 521.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30. Thurs. 2.30. S. 5.0 & 8.15. Trials by Logue – Mary Ure, George Rose.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. Sat. 5.0, 8.0. 'Progress to the Park'.

TOWER. 7.30. 2, 3, (mems. 4), 8, 9, 10 Dec.: 'The Weavers'–CAN. 3475 (before 6), CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Book now! 'Misadventures of Mr Pickwick'. New musical. Commencing Fri. 9 Dec.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet St, WC1. 'The Gentleman Dancing Master' by William Wycherley. 2.30 & 7.30, 5, 6 Dec. Admission free.

CONCERTS

MERMAID THEATRE CIT. 7656
SUNDAY 4 DEC. AT 7.30.
THE VIENNA STRING QUARTET
Quartet in D. Major, op. 64 No. 5 'The Lark' HAYDN.
Quartet in F. Minor, op. 95 BEETHOVEN.
Quartet in D. Minor, 'Death and the Maiden' SCHUBERT.
Tickets 5s., 8s. 6d., 12s. 6d. from Theatre. Full details of Mermaid 'Music on Sundays' on application to Publicity Office.

CENTRAL Hall, Westminster, Sat. 3 Dec. 7 p.m. 'Carols Through the Ages'. Conductor: Graham Treacher. Donkey's Festival, Kodaly, Matyas Seiber (1st perf) Massed Children's Choirs. Admn 2s. 6d.

MARY Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Saturday, 3 December, 7.30. Works by Blow, Peerson, Purcell; Cantatas by Bach & Chr. Bernhard; Nonet by Martinu. Clare Walmesley (soprano), Laura Sarti (contralto), Norman Platt (baritone), string & wind instrum., choir, orchestra. Cond. W. Bergmann. Tickets 4s. from Registrar or at door.

TANYA Polunin School of Pianoforte Playing. Recital by Senior Students at the Royal Festival Hall Recital Room this Saturday, 3 December, at 7.45 p.m. Tickets 4s. only at Hall. WAT. 3191.

CONCERTS—continued

GUITAR Society Recital, Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon. 5 Dec. at 8 p.m. Admission 3s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS

London Philharmonic Society
Music of the 20th Century
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
Tuesday, 13 Dec., at 8 p.m.
THE MYSTERY OF THE NATIVITY
(Frank Martin)
First performance in England

April Cantelo	Helen Watts
Owen Brannigan	John Carol Case
Denis Dowling	Alfred Hallett
Richard Lewis	Nowakowski
Duncan Robertson	

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JAROSLAV KROMBHOLC
21s. to 5s. from Hall (WAT. 3191) and Ibbs & Tillett Ltd, (WEL. 8418)

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns) Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 4 Dec.: Guinness in 'Kind Hearts and Coronets' (A). From 5 Dec.: Yves Montand in 'The Wages of Fear' (A) (Complete version).

TED Hughes and Peter Redgrove read their own Poetry, 6.30 p.m. Wednesday, 7 December, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Tickets 7s. 6d. available from Arts Council of Great Britain at above address.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Roy Vaughan Quartet, Saturday 3 December, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., non-members 5s. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

DANCE, Sat. 3 Dec. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1, 7.30 to 11 p.m., admission 4s. Arranged for SPES by Young Humanist Group.

EXHIBITIONS

WILSON Steer (1860-1942), Tate Gallery. Arts Council exhibition. 11 Nov.-11 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

LYONEL Feininger (1871-1956). Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. 16 Nov.-17 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admn. 1s. 6d.

REX Whistler 1905-1944. Memorial exhibition. Arts Council exhibition Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 18 Dec. Weekdays 10-6; Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.

MURAL Art Today at the Victoria and Albert Museum. 10-6 daily, 2-6 Sundays. Admission 1s. 6d.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Works by Picasso, Braque, Picabia, Bott, Carzou, Stanley Spencer, Piper, Nolan, Boyd, Bratby & others. Wkdys 10-6, Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond Street, W1 Oskar Kokoschka in England and Scotland. Paintings and watercolours. First Kokoschka Exhibition in London since 1927 In aid of Children & Youth Aliyah and Save the Children Fund 9 Nov.-15 Dec. Daily 11-5 Sats. 10.30-12.30.

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions: Raymond Coxon – Paintings, R. V. Pitchforth, RA – water-colours, 19th & 20th Century Etchings and lithos. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Primo Pantoli (Italy), Cardinali (France), Halide Dolu (Turkey) – Paintings. 5-24 December. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1 Christmas Present Exhibition. Charming small pictures by English & French artists. Wkdays 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. E. W. Nay – paintings and watercolours. First one-man exhibition in London. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Henry Moore: an exhibition of sculpture 1950-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Mysterious Sign. Until 3 December. Admission 1s. Members free. Picture Fair 9. Private view for members and their guests Wednesday 7 December at 3 p.m. Works by well-known artists, including Picasso and John Piper. Admission free. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

HIGH Hill Gallery, 4 Hampstead High Street, NW3 (HAM. 8172). Paintings by Olive Cook and Edwin Smith. Weekdays 9.30-5.30 (Thurs. 9.30-1).

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Karl Weschke – Paintings & Drawings. Dly 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until 10 Dec. 142 New Bond St, London, W1.

THE Waddington Galleries. Recent paintings: Patrick Heron 10-6. Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

OPENING Saturday, 3 December. 'Select Art', Art Gallery. Fine Original Paintings and Drawings from 17th to 20th Century. 15 Whytecliffe Rd, Purley, Surrey (opposite Purley Station). Open daily incl. Saturdays 9.30-5.30, Wed. 9.30-1 (closed 1-2). Evening viewing by appointment. Tel. Bywood 1504 and Uplands 0789.

NEW Art Centre, 41 Sloane St, SW1. Barbara Robinson – Paintings. Until 10 December. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Christmas Exhibition (2-20 gns). 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1: Leonor Fini – Paintings. Until 3 Dec. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1

BUTE Gallery, 3 Bute Street, SW7. Prints by Piranesi, Canaletto and living artists. Paintings and drawings. African and Asian sculptures.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1 Chagall: original signed lithographs and hand-coloured etchings, 1950-1960. 10-6, Sats 9.30-1

MOLTON Gallery. Paintings by Erich Kahn and Margarete Brauer. 23 November – 10 December. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturday 10-1.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, WC2. Watercolours and Gouaches. Also for Christmas: Cards, Prints, Pottery, Small Paintings. 30 Nov.-31 Dec. 11-6, Sats. 11-4.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. New Premises now open: Paintings and Drawings 1910-1960 by Lacasse, to 7 January. 10-6.

MODERN original paintings. 5 to 30 gns on view at Charrosin Gallery, 35 Thayer St, W1. HUN 0391. Mon.-Fri. 10-5

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

The New Left
announces the inaugural
ANEURIN BEVAN MEMORIAL LECTURE
to be delivered by
Michael Foot MP
Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1
Friday, 9 December, 8 p.m.
Admission: 2s. 6d.

CHINA & THE BRITISH LEFT
Derek Bryan
Monday 5 December
Partisan Basement, 8 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Tom Adams on 'Cuba and the West Indies', Wed. 7 Dec. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 52 Charleville Rd, W14.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: The John Coffin Memorial Lecture in History, entitled 'What of the Middle Ages is Alive in England Today?', will be delivered by Professor Helen Cam (Cambridge) at 5.30 p.m. on 8 December at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

HANNAH Stanton on Racial Conciliation at British Commonwealth League Luncheon Tues. 13 Dec. 12.45 at Victoria League House, 38 Chesham Place. Ring CUN. 8730.

YOUNG Fabians Day School, 10 Dec., 'The Future of the Left'. Tony Crosland, Ralph Samuel, Peter Shore. 11 a.m., 2 Soho Sq., W1. 4s. 6d., members 3s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Art. A demonstration by Brion Gysin, an American Painter, who is collaborating with BBC technicians on experimental work relating vision and electronic sound. Tuesday 6 December at 8.15 p.m. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d. Anniversary Party. Dancing to Cosmo Combo and his group. Members only. Wednesday 7 December at 8.30 p.m. Admission free.

RUTH Glass speaks on race relations at Islington Central Library, 68 Holloway Rd, N7, on 8 Dec. at 8 p.m. Organised by N. London Inter-Racial Association.

FABIAN Society: London Regional Committee. Discussion on recent report of London Government in the House of Commons on Monday, 12 Dec. at 7.30. Speakers include: Arthur Skeffington, MP. Chairman: Eric Moonman. Admn (by invitation only) from Secretary, 30 Tilling House, Nunhead-lane, SE15.

'CONTEMPORARY German Music', lecture by P. R. Fricker, London, on Fri. 2 Dec., at 8 p.m. At the German Institute, 51 Princes Gate (Exhibition Rd), SW7.

LONDON NLR Club, Partisan Basement, 8 p.m., Thurs. 8 Dec.: Poetry in the Thirties – Janet Adam Smith. Admn 6d.

ARTIST, Dealer & Public: talk by Morris Kestelman, arr. by Finsbury Art Group. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.), Mon. 5 Dec., 8.30. Non-members 1s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, PARk 7696, at 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Sat., Sun. 3 & 4 Dec., 3-8 p.m. Russian Bazaar – Russian books, toys, antiques, Russian buffet, Troika Ensemble Sun. 5 p.m. Lucette Aldous (ballerina, Ballet Rambert) will draw raffle prizes.

THE London Society of Jews & Christians. Jewish & Christian Attitudes Towards Conversion. Speakers: Mrs J. E. Funnell, S.TH., The Rev. J. D. Rayner, MA. Chairman: The Hon. Lily H. Montagu, CBE, JP–on Wednesday 7 December at King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St, (Almost opp. Selfridges) Oxford Street, W1. All are welcome.

DIGGING Up Novgorod. Soviet archaeologist Prof. Artsikhovsky talks about his excavations, Wed. 7 Dec., 7 p.m., 14 Kensington Sq., Ldn., W8. Another SCR event.

ALUN Owen 'Progress to the Park' speaks to East London Fabians Mon. next, 5 Dec., 8 p.m. Toynbee Hall, E1. Details: Moonman, BIS. 9365.

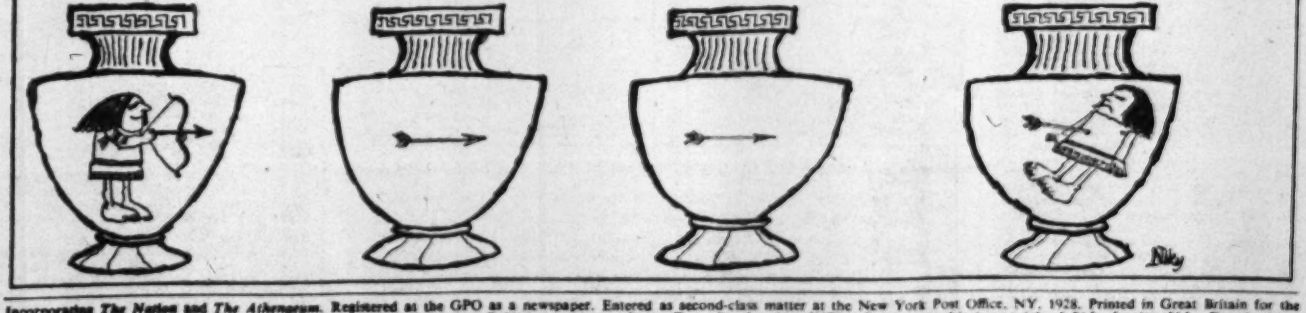
'THE Prince of Peace' – A Programme of Words and Music in Preparation for Christmas. Sunday 4 Dec. at 6.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

THE New Jewish Society welcomes the Jewish Peace Society to a debate on Wednesday, 7 December in the Simon Marks Room, YWCA, 108 Baker Street, W1, at 8 p.m. The Motion before the House is 'That this House favours the establishment of a permanent United Nations Police Force'. Admn to Guests – 2s. 6d. Admn to NJS Members and Jewish Peace Society Members – 1s.

SOCIETY of Australian Writers, Thursday 8 December, Australia House, the Strand. Christianna Brand lectures on 'Crime Does Pay – Sometimes'. Sherry 7.30, coffee later. Guests 3s. 6d., very welc.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. J. D. Mooa: 'Zarathushtrian Civilization'. 8.30. Fri. 9 Dec. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

LECTURES, etc.—contd. on p.907



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